# the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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**Why Chicago Is Not Calcutta:**
**Roger Starr elucidates the Daley touch**

**Lenkowsky**: *Is England Mollycoddled?...* **Maloney** *on The Lavender Menace...Jacques Barzun, Peter Drucker, James T. Farrell, Michael Novak, George Will, and many others on* **books for Christmas.**

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# THE CONTINUING CRISIS

¶ Throughout October Governor Jimmy Carter bore up heroically against the truly scandalous aspersions hurled at him from all sides. Calumny piled upon calumny, yet the Wonderboy clung to his boyish grin and continued to propagate his message of simple Christian love, calling those of his brothers and sisters who wouldst abstain from the voting booths "cowards" who "have given up on the nation," and notifying those patriots who will vote that Mr. Ford is a "disgrace to the nation." Not only that, but after giving Mr. Ford a thorough Christian examination, the Wonderboy also discovered his opponent to be a "brainwashed" liar and "absolutely ridiculous." All this Mr. Carter will save us from, if election-eve polls speak the truth and if Satan can be thwarted.

¶ Nonetheless throughout October the powerful campaign of President Gerald R. Ford rolled, fueled by the limitless wealth of the rich and the powerful, and evidently aided by the Pope. At the head of this conspiracy was the masterful pol himself, Gerald R. Ford, the Boss Tweed of Grand Rapids, who in the last weeks of the campaign introduced California's Senatorial candidate, Professor S.I. Hayakawa, as Professor S.I. "Hayacomma." Earlier in the month he deviously predicted an economic resurgence in 1976's "fifth quarter," and shared with a Rockland County, New York audience his enigmatic aspiration to represent them "in the Oval Office in the next two years."

¶ Weighing one sonority against another, 1976 was the greatest presidential campaign since the genius of Warren Gamaliel Harding clashed with the genius of James Cox. The Wonderboy wisely spent much of his campaign time hidden away midst his beloved peanuts in Plains, but he still lost large numbers of supporters whenever he was shoved into "Peanut One" for a campaign tour. Had President Ford spent less time on the campaign trail he might have done better. Certainly he would have avoided such *contretemps* as occurred when New York State Republican Chairman Richard Rosenbaum introduced him on October 30 as "President Gerald R. Fraud." Anyway it came as a shocker to the nation, especially to the campaign press corps, when the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums passed over both Mr. Carter and Mr. Ford to give its annual "Goof of the Year" award to Dr. Theodore Reed, director of the National Zoological Park. After all, Dr. Reed's only botch had been the purchase of a breeding camel named Humphrey, who upon further inspection turned out to be bereft of both testicles and the intellectual acuity to improvise.

¶ Many ingenious judicial decisions add to the historical significance of October. New York State Supreme Court Justice John Scileppi barred Miss Ellen Cooperman from changing her name to Cooperperson, asserting that the change would expose the women's liberation movement to "ridicule." The ravenous civil libertarian, Judge David Bazelon, again made history. This time he overturned the 1970 robbery conviction of Mr. Willie DeCoster, Jr., because Mr. DeCoster's legal counsel had failed to defend him as violently as Judge Bazelon would have hoped. New York Judge Frank DeLuca upheld an insurance arbiter's award of $2,000 to a 27-year-old streaker, who, quoting Judge DeLuca, "while in naked communication with nature" ran into a truck. And finally Mr. Michael Shanks, the Cleveland, Ohio dandy who never made good on his promise to marry Miss Linda Gajevski, has been ordered to pay the lonely lady $10,000 by order of Ohio's progressive Judge Norman A. Fuerst. Such prodigies from the nation's juridical necromancers have gone far to instill hope in the dank bosom of that Bloomington, Indiana theatre-goer, who languishes even now in a local calaboose after chasing a lady neighbor out of her second-story window. Mr. Gary Hopkins attributes his injudicious behavior on the evening of October 1 to the fact that he had dwelt too long at the adult movie palace, and upon returning home "became sexually aroused"—a mitigating circumstance in any enlightened justice's canon, but, alas, no Judge Bazelon reigns in Bloomington. Mr. Hopkins' alleged prey suffered a broken back.

¶ West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt led his Social Democrats to a slim victory in the West German elections despite Tonga, the three-year-old chimpanzee in Hassloch, West Germany who prevented 20 zoo employees from voting when he locked them in his monkey house and swallowed the key. The woebegone British pound headed in the direction of the Italian lira, and the USSR's mellifluous Mr. Leonid Brezhnev began the month scoffing at detente's critics. He ended it by proving detente's stupendous value to all sides: the USSR purchased no less than $2.5 million worth of California prunes—yet another example of the amazing affluence of this socialist cornucopia.

¶ The southeastern office of the Ohio Health Department is taking well-deserved pride in the discovery that the most popular course in Appalachian schools is now tooth-brushing. And progressive ways are also invading the University of Texas, where the science editor of the University of Texas Press now instructs a scholarly course in frisbee lofting. An unusually precise estimate of the distressing price paid by those political dissidents persecuted during the McCarthyite purges was provided by Stalinoid playwright Miss Lillian Hellman, who was given a $7,000 mink by the Blackglama fur company for modeling her coat in a *New Yorker* advertisement that previously featured such notable intellectuals as Miss Raquel Welch and Miss Melina Mercouri. While on the subject of art, London's Institute of Contemporary Arts is displaying a breathtaking series of framed, befouled, and chemically treated diapers, the masterpieces of Mrs. Mary Kelly's gifted three-year-old son. Asseverates the artist's proud mother, "They are art because I say so"; and she has duly catalogued beneath each diaper a complete list of her son's food and drink on the day the work was produced.

¶ From Memphis, Tennessee comes word that Mr. Pappy Ragsdale, a life-long dog-hater, is a new man and now resides with almost two hundred of his erstwhile enemies. According to Mr. Ragsdale, the reformation set in when he heard an antivivisectionist poem, which ended with the moving line, "Only a dog would spend his breath in a kiss for his murderer's hand."

¶ Women's liberationists are in the mulligrubs over the political decline of Chairman Mao's wife, Mrs. Chiang Ching, who has been booted from the Chinese establishment for "nagging" the late Chinese politico. According to authoritative wall posters, she also objected to the new regime's patriotic plans to stuff him. Though Mr. Martin Sheets has been safely ensconced in his Terre Haute, Indiana mausoleum for some time now there is still no word from him. Mr. Sheets is the unusually bullish stockbroker who willed that he be buried in a mausoleum equipped with lights and a telephone so that he might call the outside world should he suddenly awaken. The sexual revolution notwithstanding, sixteen policemen, who allegedly indulged themselves voluptuously with girl members of their station's Explorer Scout post, face criminal charges in Los Angeles. And the estate of Mr. Stanley Cybulski has been awarded $100,000 in damages. Mr. Cybulski is the Bristol, Connecticut gentleman who died tragically after pulling a closefisted vending machine over on himself.

¶ Egyptian police have arrested friends of a Cairo girl who strangled her, hoping that she "would be resurrected after death to live underground as a genie with magic powers." The 2,500-year-old "Plato tree," under whose shade the ancient Greek egghead is said to have loafed, fell victim to Greek affluence on October 15 when it was devastated by a soused and now sheepish Athenian bus driver. Scientists at Atlanta's Yerkes Primate Research Center are optimistic about prospects for mating an ape with a man, though no one knows how the ASPCA will take it. Finally those who fault *The Alternative*'s lack of highmindedness may have to reevaluate their position if the public-spiritedness of Mr. John McClaughry is as characteristic of *Alternative* readers and writers as I suspect. Mr. McClaughry is the long-time subscriber and contributor to both "Current Wisdom" and "The Continuing Crisis," who, according to the redoubtable *Times* of New York, is now raising money for the Hobo Foundation, Inc., a nonprofit organization formed two years ago in Concord, Vermont by Mr. McClaughry and colleagues Mr. Hood River Blackie and Mr. Steam Train Maury Graham. Genuine hoboes are an endangered species, and Mr. McClaughry hopes his foundation will provide a last resting place for these noble voyagers. Asserts Mr. McClaughry, "There's nothing worse for a lifelong hobo than to find himself in a rest home, hovered over by candy-stripers and welfare workers." Who says compassion is the monopoly of the 1976 Democratic ticket?

¶ Finally October was the month of the Clydesdale Tragedy. Just weeks after I personally endorsed Budweiser as the best middleweight beer in America, some fiend took his revenge by attempting to assassinate members of Anheuser-Busch's famed Clydesdale herd. As a result one mare in foal is dead, two mares have been injured, and another will be incapacitated for life—a senseless and cruel shooting, reminding us once again that intolerance still stalks America. If only the Wonderboy can lead us from this wilderness of the spirit. —*RET* ¶



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EDITORIAL
*by*
*R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*

# Ralph Nader and the Return of the Shakers

Ralph Nader, LL.B., is neither a scientist, a philosopher, an economist, nor an epicurean. He sleeps but four hours a night, goes for days sustained solely by an occasional cookie or banana, and practices strict celibacy midst a catastrophe of file cabinets and yellowing newspapers in his legendary eighty-five-dollar-a-month Washington, D.C. apartment. It is unclear exactly what his judgment of the domestic pizza pie might be. Mexican food also resides in a limbo of scholarly speculation. But Wonder Bread is sinister stuff, and on Coca-Cola Citizen Nader is eloquent and adamantine. If the Great Emancipator from Plains, Georgia does not publicly sever his connection with the Atlanta-based multinational menace, it will go hard for him at Nader, Inc. Hot dogs are *malum in se*, and God does not will that mankind sit to the fore of the internal combustion engine, but rather that he sit astern it and always tightly swaddled in a seat belt, preferably of the advanced inertia variety. The efficient production of goods and services is beyond the pale to Citizen Nader, as are sleep, reflective thought, careful research, prudent discourse, courteous manners, tolerance. The qualities one is most likely to encounter in the upwardly mobile Naderist are bloodshot eyes, insomnia, chronic stomach disorder, a choleric disposition, anti-intellectualism, mild jacobinism, and no sex—in brief many of the qualities once characteristic of the Shakers.

If I have percipiently read Citizen Nader's five lovey-dovey biographers,* the aforementioned qualities are his most ingratiating. What these hagiographers judge to be his unseemly qualities I blush to think. The Nader cosmos is unlike that of any American demigod save possibly the relatively limited cosmos of some of our religious loons. The tests that we usually apply to labor leaders, businessmen, and politicians simply are not applied to Citizen Nader. There never has been anything quite like him in this vast and diverse Republic. He is a hybrid of William Jennings Bryan and John Brown. Next to him even the ghost of San Clemente appears unexceptionable.

For over a decade he has fussily scampered across America, tirelessly scolding citizens for their economics, their technology, and their government. That he has no established expertise in any of these fields is obvious. His researches are almost always flyblown and often promptly refuted once the shock of his canards has worn off. That these reports constitute one of his chief product lines does not speak very well for engineering or quality control at Nader, Inc. If any corporation in America ever turned out such a lemon as his report on the perils of the Volkswagen, it would soon be on the road to bankruptcy with Naderists yapping all the way to the grave. Even his fabled report on the pathetic Corvair failed to hold up under scrutiny. The Department of Transportation found it full of malfunctioning "facts." *Road and Track*, an automobile magazine written mainly by disinterested engineers, found the Volkswagen report selective, tendentious, and in parts arrantly erroneous. Yet the production line at Nader, Inc. continues to roll, manned often by college students and other amateurs, a last holdout against the child labor laws. Careful reading of his prescriptions for automotive safety suggests that Citizen Nader believes automobiles are meant to be run into concrete walls. His ideal auto would incorporate the characteristics of a Mercedes Benz 450SEL with those of an XM1 Tank. Who could afford such monstrosities is a mystery; how innocent pedestrians and small buildings might survive in a world populated by them is a mystery consorting with an enigma. Yet these reports are not that much different from his other reports. He even botched his "Congress Project"—an astounding matter, that, considering the dysfunctional wrecks tottering about on Capitol Hill.

## *Yahoo Allegations*

So much for his famed reports, but what of his theories and insights? Insofar as I am able to make any sense of them at all, those for which he is esteemed were all hatched long ago by such various eminences as Milton Friedman, Frank Knight, Karl Marx, and C. Wright Mills. Consider his discovery that regulatory commissions fall into the hands of those they are meant to regulate. Anyone familiar with Friedman's *Capitalism and Freedom* knows this, but no serious individual would then turn around and offer Citizen Nader's solution, to wit, establishing super-regulatory agencies to oversee our present regulatory agencies. Nor do intelligent students of our economy believe that it is increasingly controlled by two hundred giant corporations, a yahoo allegation that has been around for years; too much research on market concentration, for instance by economists Paul McCracken and Harold Demsetz, has demonstrated its error. Yet Citizen Nader holds to this belief with a devotion not dissimilar from that shown by those who believe that the world is controlled by a handful of fat bankers barricaded somewhere in the Alps. Bah, and bah to his belief that the American people are enthralled by the wizards of Madison Avenue. No research has ever proven that in a relatively free market advertising can continue to coerce consumers to purchase goods that do not satisfy them. In sum, most of his insights are misperceptions, and when he actually does come up with an intelligent insight his solution is wrong.

Nonetheless Citizen Nader continues to sound off on a breathtakingly wide range of issues, a consumerist who is celebrated for not consuming, a champion of the ecosphere who sulks when his staff breaks from its seven-day work week for a visit to the beach, an activist disdainful of intellectuals and political philosophy who finds meaning and inspiration in what every sly pol recognizes as sheer bromide: "the public interest." His decade of prosperity is one of the most preposterous success stories in American history, more absurd even than the career of Henry Wallace. His seduction of the press is perhaps somewhat understandable; after all, the press has always had a weakness for the purely weird—weird stories having the surest chance of snagging readers. But his seduction of liberalism would nearly defy rational explanation were it not for the fact that liberalism through the years has been increasingly susceptible to Puritanism, self-destruction, and a petty disrelish for business.

That Citizen Nader wishes to scotch business is clear for all to see. Actually, his consumerism does not so much display a love of the consumer as it betrays a truly virulent hatred of the producer. Rarely does one hear him sermonize on how the lowly consumer is fleeced by taxation and inflation. Hardly ever does he defend the consumer against the costly, inefficient beadledom of big government. And even less often does he have at it with labor unions. Instead we hear ceaseless diatribes against the infamies of businessmen, as if they were not consumers themselves. Doubtless American business can stand some examination, but shoddy, diffuse reports steeped in economic and political mythology are no service to anyone other than our nation's perpetual malcontents.

Having dutifully considered the volumi-

(*continued on page 31*)

* David Sanford's *Me and Ralph* is a refreshing break from this drivel. I suggest it as an excellent antidote.



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*Special Book Review / Roger Starr*

# *Oh Calcutta: Oi, Professor!*

*How Milton Rakove, writing about Daley's Chicago* (Don't Make No Waves...Don't Back No Losers, *Indiana Univ. Press, $10*), *forgets what Geoffrey Moorhouse tells us in* Calcutta (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95*).

Among cities, Calcutta is the old whore who demonstrates the pernicious effects of a life of sin. She is clothed in tattered grandeur, her stockings ravelled, heels overrun, her legs a mass of varicose veins and bleeding ulcers; an eye is blackened, teeth missing. Geoffrey Moorhouse's book about Calcutta is no statistical-clinical-technical-pastoral account of the distempers from which Calcutta suffers. He does not tell us about the old harridan; he brings us to her, in bed, on the toilet, in the street, or standing at the public bar for a couple of fingers of gin. We feel her, smell her, listen to her grunts; her sores drip on us, and if in the end we cannot share his love for her, at least we begin to appreciate his awe of her capacity for survival, and also of her spirit—malign, vindictive, ugly, but nonetheless vital.

Every visitor to Calcutta has had a Doomsday remark to make about it; Moorhouse quotes many of them, but his achievement is to offer so vivid a glimpse of the city that the reader is fully prepared to pronounce his own epitaph after reading the book.

No simple collection of oriental mudhuts, Calcutta is a very important port, drawing its commerce from a fine harbor and access to the fertile plains of Bengal, and the wealth in minerals that lies beneath them. Its history is bloody and romantic, its early outline determined by the eighteenth-century British imperialists, and the Bengali princes with whom they trafficked and fought. The city today suffers from every imaginable urban ill, each of which can be viewed as the extension to the point of absurdity of a trend only too apparent in America's polyglot cities, and even now in London with its growing heterogeneity.

Around the old port of Calcutta which is struggling against suffocation in the drifting silt of the Bengal delta, there has concentrated a large, constantly growing population, some trying to survive on a bare minimum wage, but the vast majority of whom are hopelessly poor, living without services that everyone in Europe and North America takes for granted: water, sanitation, streets, rooms, beds, hospitals, name it. Moorhouse's chapter on the poverty of Calcutta—the street sleepers, the bustees (slums) without access to streets, the rubbery white corpses in the Hooghly—afflicts the reader in much the same way as a first walk through an Indian city. He wants to return to the hotel and immerse himself in hot water, green soap, and a solution of potassium permanganate.

The most oppressive sections of the chapter on poverty are those which describe the efforts of a few saintly, lost people to do something about health care. An order of healing nuns has established a hospital in Calcutta only for dying people; of course, it can admit but a tiny fraction of the mass of Calcuttans who perish each day from the diseases of starvation and filth, but the nursing order is dedicated, not to providing health services for the living population—that is beyond imagination—but simply a shred of decency, a teaspoon of respectability to speed the dying on their way. If a patient fails to die within a few days, he must leave the hospital; they cannot help him.

Moorhouse contrasts the poverty of the immense restless, homeless, fibrillating mob with the stony wealth of older British Calcutta, its hotels, office blocks, industrial headquarters, palaces, parks, and perhaps more important than any of the others, the clubs that incarnated the imperial presence. He reveals a touch of Midland fabianism (he has been a correspondent for the *Guardian*, formerly *Manchester Guardian*) in his suggestion that an unfair amount of capital has been drained from Calcutta. He believes that if more earnings had been reinvested in the city, the present deterioration would be far less significant. As proof of this somewhat familiar proposition, he tells us that the Calcutta Electric Power Company, which provides a frequently flickering light for a part of the Calcutta population, paid a 9% dividend several years ago (earnings dropped off in the following year). The magnitude of this dividend may sound rather high to Moorhouse, but the 9% is calculated on the number of pounds in the original paid-in capital of the company. This formation, naturally, took place when the pound was worth $5 in old American dollars, which in turn would each be worth about three present-day dollars. Applying both corrections—the pound to dollar, and the dollar to dollar—to our 9%, we find that the seemingly high return in modern currency is really equivalent to slightly more than a 1% return on the value of the original capital. It is scarcely to be wondered that no one wants to invest any money in Calcutta today—least of all the Indian government, which is trying to use what money it can scrape together for such contrasting purposes as industrial development, and achievement of first-class international status through atomic bomb manufacture.

The basic trouble in Calcutta, as elsewhere in India, is the extraordinary fecundity of the Indian people and—one regrets to say it—the drop in infant mortality in the years since independence. It is inconceivable that any city, no matter how well organized its government, or how unified its people in a determination to dedicate their public resources to the improvement of public facilities, could support the present Calcutta population on the wealth now being produced in that city, or its equally overpopulated hinterland. But this basic economic proposition falls woefully short of conveying the impression of how desperately Calcutta fails. Nor does it convey the impact of the ugly animosities between its constituent populations or the susceptibility of its

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population (including many of its Bengali intellectuals) to the belief that secret conspiracies and the devious meditations of the heart itself compromise any joint activity from the beginning.

The communal riots of 1946 are described by Moorhouse in all their hideous detail. Thousands were killed—no one knows exactly how many thousands—and at least 15,000 were injured. In the end, it took 45,000 troops and Gandhi himself to restore a kind of calm. There is no present Gandhi, as we all know. Calcutta inspires hopelessness in its visitors who see that without a Gandhi (and perhaps even with one) Calcuttans will not stop fighting each other over differences in culture, race, religion, and social class even at the edge of the common grave. The animosities of Calcutta are perhaps best demonstrated not in the riots themselves, horrible as they are, but in the custom of the *gherao*, an ostensibly nonviolent way in which the mass is permitted to marshal its opposition to an individual person.

The *gherao* is a demonstration in which no projectile violence is used—nothing is hurled, no shots are fired, no punches thrown—but the demonstrators surround their target, preventing his movement, imperilling his human essence. Moorhouse's description of this tactic exemplifies the quiet, straightforward style in which his magnificent book is written:

> ...teachers have been gheraoed by their students, tax collectors by their debtors, bus drivers by their passengers; even a judge has been gheraoed by witnesses at a judicial committee of inquiry. Men have collapsed half-dead from exhaustion and dehydration in Calcutta after having been gheraoed in the blazing sun for the best part of a day by perpetually fresh mobs operating under a shift system.
>
> It is irrelevant for a brave Westerner to wonder why a man in such a predicament doesn't charge the mob and try to battle his way through them; the man knows perfectly well that they would beat him to death without hesitation with their fists if they had nothing else handy. The only thing you can do if you are gheraoed is to sit tight with as much calmness as you can manage and hope for the best.

The colloquial manner in which this account of horror is written conveys Moorhouse's attitude toward his subject and himself. He can speak simply because he knows what it is he feels about this city and its people—not that his responses are simple responses, but rather that his examination of his own feelings is simple. He is not trying to hide his feelings, or to alter them in order to mollify someone else. The book thus stands in vivid contrast to Milton Rakove's book about Mayor Daley's Chicago, *Don't Make No Waves...Don't Back No Losers*. Rakove is a card-carrying member of Mayor Daley's organization; at the same time he is a Professor of Political Science at the University of Illinois' Chicago Circle campus. County Committeeman Rakove does not want to give up his position in practical politics while, at the very same moment, Professor Rakove does not wish to surrender his claim to academic respectability and objectivity, evidenced by his sharing the current academic suspicion of middle-class effectiveness. As a result, though Committeeman Rakove provides us with some valuable information on how Richard Daley keeps Chicago from turning into another Calcutta, Professor Rakove is busy assuring us that he knows that there are far more elevating political questions to be explored than keeping the municipal peace. The effort of carrying a pail on each shoulder complicates Rakove's vision; when he favors the professorial side, some of the water must splash on his glasses. He becomes nearly incomprehensible.

The implicit comparison, mine alone, between Calcutta and Chicago, is not wholly fanciful. Like Calcutta, Chicago is a city incorporating large groups of people with substantial communal and religious differences. It has had a tradition of violence: its 1919 race riots were among the worst in American history. Today, almost one third of its population is black, nearly all of whom are Protestant. Among the city's whites, there are significant differences between European ethnic groups, frequently Catholic, of which the Irish, Poles, and Italians are most numerous; there is still a substantial group of Protestant Anglo-Saxons, including the most important figures in the city's business community; there is also a large Jewish population, and a growing Latin ethnic group. All of these have their differences with all of the others, differences which occasionally erupt or have erupted into violence, sometimes as the result of conscious propaganda. One need not go back to the Haymarket riot or the St. Valentine's Day massacre for examples. Only a few years ago, Saul Alinsky was urging on the Poles who lived back of the yards to fight the blacks. His social program, was to "rub raw the sores of discontent."

It is, therefore, somewhat remarkable to learn that Chicago finds the money to keep up its municipal services; has lately avoided internecine warfare (though everyone remembers the battle between the city police and non-Chicagoans during the 1968 Democratic Convention). People can still walk about downtown Chicago at night with their fears under control, and if one wants to understand what this means in practical terms, he should visit downtown Detroit and downtown St. Louis for purposes of comparison.

Chicago's current position of relative comfort and its continued resistance to central deterioration cannot be ascribed *solely* to the talents of a single Mayor. The city's economy is uncommonly resilient, composed as it is of both heavy industries (such as steel) which cannot easily move away and light industries (such as canning) which provide some insulation against the volatile employment cycles in basic heavy industry. American tradition looks down on conspiratorial theories and—with some notable exceptions—discourages intercommunal violence or at least limits violent outbursts to brief, sharp encounters. Another major factor in Chicago's health it its somewhat corny tradition of civic boosterism, which, for all the mocking such Babbitry inspires among us sophisticates, helps keep the city together. Yet Daley's skill in keeping the communal groups from warring with each other and in attracting new investment to his city is surely one of the major reasons why Chicago has avoided the fate of Calcutta, despite the noted similarities. In the complex setting of Chicago life, Daley has managed through politics to create a sociological unity, or at least tranquility.

Part of this success Rakove attributes to the skillful use of political patronage. Chicago has somehow avoided imposing civil service and the so-called merit system on municipal jobs, particularly those requiring only modest competence. Rakove points out that membership in the political organization is essential to assure oneself a municipal or Cook County job, while the political organization exacts from the job holder in return a dedication to societal unity. This, of course, is how Rakove the professor would translate the first part of the title for the book chosen by Rakove the politician. To avoid "making waves" means to engage in no activity that stirs the hidden depths of diversity in the population. Nor the hidden depths of thought. Using economics to override that difference of opinion which political professors customarily call "ideology," Daley expects his precinct captains to amass knowledge, to do favors, to bring out the vote. He counts on the number of jobs at the disposal of the Mayor and his appointees to facilitate the job of the captains.

Beyond economics based on the distribution of political jobs at the lowest levels (in America, traditionally, jobs are distributed by politics at the highest levels also—it's the broad middle ranges which must be awarded on the quantification of merit), Daley paradoxically creates unity by the clever manipulation of pre-existing ethnic and religious divisions. He has apportioned his largesse between the several ethnic groups which compose Chicago. Rakove recounts in elaborate and sometimes difficult-to-follow detail how certain jobs are traditionally assigned to different ethnic constituencies. In Rakove's view, some ethnic groups, blacks particularly, and perhaps Hispanics as well, are currently under-represented. These assignments, however, change in response to changing numbers and increased political effectiveness on the part of the newly-arrived minorities: each group gains enough rewards from the Democratic Party to guarantee its unwillingness to throw over the applecart in the perhaps futile search for a greater reward or for ideological success. To manipulate rewards in this way is Daley's great triumph, one for which he might, incongruously, be drawn through the streets of Chicago in a chariot. He has, without force of arms, slavery, or circuses, accomplished what the Flavians and Antonines accomplished in a Rome that was similarly split in its ethnic affiliations.



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We do well to remember that only one of the Antonines was styled a philosopher.

Unfortunately, Rakove seems to overlook this. In deference to his academic colleagues, he all too frequently forgets that a philosopher and a successful ruler are seldom combined in a single body. Such an observation is unwelcome in academic circles, whose inhabitants expect to travel into power with wisdom as their passport. But the wisdom which Rakove respects so much is essentially trivial; the academic wisdom in political matters is totally subsumed in the proposition that the body politic is capable of infinite perfectability. This is as ludicrous a description of the possibilities of political bodies as of human bodies: none of us believes that the class klutz can be turned into the college quarterback by lifting weights, or, to make the analogy more precise, by reading books about lifting weights. Chicago, after all, would not become Erewhon or Utopia even if Edward Levi were its mayor.

But Rakove burdens his left shoulder with a pail full of the quaint belief that Chicago could be improved if only the proper incantation were spoken, and the proper passing genuflection made towards the busts of the Founding Fathers. Madison, he tells us, would not have approved of Daley (maybe, maybe not), but then Chicago is not plantation Virginia. In order to maintain his standing with his academic colleagues, Rakove loads himself down with paragraphs like the following:

> ...under Daley's rule, few ambitions have been able to counteract Daley's ambitions, and the constitutional rights of the place have been subordinated to the interests of the man...Because he has come to dominate the city, the normal checks and balances which are the built-in protections of a democratic political system have, to some extent, been compromised in Chicago...the Madisonian concept of safeguarding individual rights and the general welfare through checking power internally within a governmental system has not operated very well in Chicago either.

Oi, professor, the checks and balances in Chicago have been working very well indeed. They are the checks and balances of the several constituencies which contend for power within the city, but which, under Daley's leadership, have been willing—in the most checked and balanced way—to postpone their hope of ultimate and lonely victory for the practical possibilities of present compromise. The major failings of the Daley regime have been revealed by external governments—in matters like checking the ballot boxes in the national election of 1960, or investigating the possible violation of the civil rights of Fred Hampton, or in helping to maintain order during the awful days of 1968, during which Daley felt threatened by the ideologies which his practical system must forever avoid.

I suspect that Rakove the professor forgets what Rakove the politician does not; that Chicago would be diminished, perhaps to the level of Calcutta, if someone tried to govern it with a system that fits comfortably in the House of Burgesses of Williamsburg, Virginia. He has forgotten also that that government is best which is best suited to the real constitution of the governed. He has also forgotten that those who carry water on both shoulders must have a very narrow head, or wear a heavy slicker. □

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*James Grant*

# *Homage to Ebenezer Scrooge*

*If the twentieth century has a salient failing, it is that so few of us listened when Scrooge spoke.*

I admire Ebenezer Scrooge. Not the reconstituted Scrooge, whom everyone likes, the radiant, cloying Scrooge of Christmas morning. Give me the grasping Scrooge.

To start with, he was honest. He was punctual. He was solvent. His credit was impeccable. "Scrooge's name," Dickens concedes, "was good upon the 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to." Of course, when a mortgage payment fell overdue, Scrooge promptly foreclosed. Sanctity of contract cuts both ways, dammit.

Scrooge wasn't your ordinary clubman, but he wasn't immune from the tugs of human sentiment. He could never bring himself to take down the name of Jacob Marley, his deceased partner, from the counting-house door. He despised Christmas, but gave Bob Cratchit, his dimwitted clerk, the entire day off—with pay. Still he kept his wits about him. Attests Dickens: "He was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral [Marley's] and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain."

Diligent to a fault, Scrooge perused the financial press over dinner on Christmas Eve and, records Dickens, "beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book." Yes, yes, I know, shocking behavior. But ask yourself this, gentle reader: What is Christmas, a day given over to the celebration of objects, without bargains—without bankbooks?

But I wander. Scrooge was a wag and a phrase-maker, even in the face of supernatural terror. To Marley's ghost, he gamely rejoined: "You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you whoever you are."

Small wonder, then, that Scrooge offered himself to the world as he was. Small wonder, too, that at last he succumbed to the world. Who wouldn't recant following a nocturnal bout with three phantoms and the shade of one's late partner? Evil—or what passes for evil—would vanish from the face of the earth if only Jacob Marley and the Spirits of Christmas Past, Present and Future would consent to work the other 364 nights of the year.

A self-made man and individualist, Scrooge (the old Scrooge) kept to himself and bade others do the same. "It's enough," he said, dismissing a pair of United Fund pests, "for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly." In 1943, 100 years after the publication of "A Christmas Carol," the world was convulsed by men and nations who insisted on doing precisely the opposite. If the twentieth century has a salient failing, it is that so few of us listened when Scrooge spoke.

As to what became of Scrooge, we must take Dickens at his word. "He became," the author vows, "as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough, in the good old world." But somewhere, I hope, perhaps in the wilds of Argentina, the real Scrooge lives, minding his own business and asking nothing of anyone else than that they do the same. □

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*James Grant is a grouch who lives in Brooklyn.*



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*Leslie Lenkowsky*

# *A Nation of Deadbeats?*

*The welfare state has not made Britons lazy. But in providing the public services that Britons have wanted, it has put them to work in economically unproductive jobs.*

The welfare state is, in a sense, a British invention. Although social insurance originated in Imperial Germany, the goals and methods adopted elsewhere were more likely to be those of Edwardian England. To careful observers such as Lord Bryce, New Zealand seemed "the social laboratory of the world," but the research and writings of British social reformers have had a wider influence. The Scandinavian nations proved more able to fashion durable social reforms out of the economic slump of the 1920s and 1930s; yet it was the British wartime plan of Sir William Beveridge that captured the imagination of the world. Indeed, the term "welfare state" first came into widespread usage to denote the postwar programs for social security and health care established by Britain's Labour Government.

A generation later, one might well wonder whether the bill for this burst of national ingenuity has at last come due. Is the price of leadership in providing "cradle to grave" security a steady decline in economic vitality, of which the current crisis is the latest and most severe instance? Has the "namby-pamby state," to use Andrew Shonfield's term, turned Britain into a country of deadbeats, "floating through life on a kind of giant mattress provided by the state, consisting of a combination of cottonwool and old-fashioned down"? Was Beatrice Webb right to object to the wave of Liberal reforms that culminated with the establishment of unemployment and sickness insurance in 1911 and 1912 because, as she later wrote:

> The fact that sick and unemployed persons were entitled to money incomes without any corresponding obligation to get well and keep well, or to seek and keep employment, seemed to us likely to encourage malingering and a disinclination to work for their livelihood.

Would it not be ironic if the germs of the "English sickness" were to be found in the National Health Service, and its kindred enterprises!

During the relative affluence of the 1950s and early 1960s, it would have been ridiculous to think so. There was a great debate then over reforming the welfare state, but the critics addressed themselves to entirely different concerns. To some Conservatives and a few liberal economists, the continuing expense of the health and social services was simply unnecessary. They argued that, contrary to Beveridge's assumption of high postwar unemployment, the average Briton was prosperous enough to pay directly for whatever help he needed, and that the resulting competition among providers would improve its quality. The Fabians and some Socialists thought an increasingly affluent Britain would become an "irresponsible society" if it failed to give a larger share of a bigger pie to those most in need. And some of the country's fiscal and monetary policy experts, recognizing that sustained economic growth was far from assured, worried about the welfare state's claim on aggregate demand. Few souls troubled about its impact on individual initiative and self-reliance.

But even economists have been hard-pressed to explain Britain's calamitous record in the 1970s, and so, once again, there has been a revival of interest in the pampering theory. A key plank of Margaret Thatcher's platform is her claim that the welfare state has mollycoddled the nation and given rise to a "progressive concensus" that scoffs at self-help and hard work. The support for these views by Sir Keith Joseph, who had presided over the health and social services during the administration of Edward Heath, endows them with the credibility of a penitent. With its proposed "new industrial strategy," the current Labour Government moved in a similar direction, promising to give lower priority to social programs and higher to identifying and supporting manufacturing firms likely to grow. "Productivity" has become a fashionable word among economic planners. A Downing Street "think-tank" report on the automobile industry, for example, asserted:

> With the same power at his elbow, and doing the same job, a continental car worker normally produces twice as much as his British counterpart.

The report blamed overmanning, restrictive work rules, low investment, and similar industrial conditions for British sluggishness. Yet these alone may not be sufficient to explain how the nation, conserving energy by a three-day work week in the winter of 1974, could still manage to produce nearly four days of output; many observers suggest that, except in emergencies, British workers have simply become lazy.

Such evidence as can be gathered, however, does not easily fit the notion that the welfare state has contributed to Britain's plight by reducing the incentives to work harder. For one thing, other countries have devoted as much or more of their resources to welfare programs without sharing Britain's economic weakness. For another, the growth of Britain's welfare state has not stopped private spending from increasing throughout most of the postwar era. And in the presumably central matter of income redistribution, the impact of the British welfare state has so far been rather mild. What the welfare state has done is expand in such a way that the services sector of the British economy has grown much faster than the manufacturing and industrial sector; the welfare state has hurt Britain not so much by dampening its energies as by channelling them into less productive endeavors.

## *The Welfare States*

Except in its health service, Beveridge observed at the beginning of his 1942 report,

> British provision for security, in adequacy of amount and in comprehensiveness, will stand comparison with that of any other country; few countries will stand comparison with Britain.

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Thirty years after the adoption of his major proposals, the reverse is more nearly the case. Among comparable nations, Britain's welfare provisions are apt to seem relatively stingy. If there is an exception, it is health care, where the comprehensiveness of the National Health Service (if not its adequacy) usually exceeds that of medical arrangements elsewhere. In social programs as well as economic growth, Britain now finds its European compeers in the two least industrialized nations, Italy and Ireland.

One measure of this change is the proportion of money allocated to the welfare state. In 1972 (one of the last years of "normalcy"), Britain used 22 percent of its national income for social security and medical care. Except for Ireland, every member of the Common Market devoted a higher proportion of its income for such uses, with Germany leading the way at 29 percent. Only Italy and Ireland spent less per capita for social programs. Even the United States, not usually pictured as generous in these areas, devoted 14 percent of its national product to public expenditures for health and welfare programs. Adding private spending would bring the total still closer to the proportion used by the one-time "exemplar" of the welfare state.

Nor has Britain been notably liberal in particular programs which might be thought to "pamper" its citizens. Its pensions for disabled workers amount to less than half the earnings of average industrial employees; so do its benefits given in sick pay. Again, save Ireland, the other EEC countries do better. Indeed, if any nation encouraged malingering, it would be Germany, which replaces more than 90 percent of the wages lost due to illness. A person out of work in Britain could expect to receive no more than 85 percent of his normal weekly salary in unemployment pay; in France, Denmark, and the Netherlands, he is apt to receive no less. Even the initial advantages of the National Health Service compared with medical care elsewhere have steadily diminished. The maligned American health care system has, in fact, been growing *more* rapidly.

Of course, international comparisons such as these can be misleading. Countries may face different social conditions and have different objectives for social policy. Public assistance in Britain, for example, has been among the most generous in Europe; benefit-levels are higher and eligibility requirements less stringent. The reason is that British social insurance has sought to provide a minimum pension for all. Since the same benefits go to those with other resources and those without, they have typically lagged behind rising standards of living. As a result, in 1970, more than a quarter of the nation's elderly obtained supplementary assistance and another fifteen percent were thought to be eligible, but not claiming. In contrast, only three percent of Germany's old people were on relief. An insurance plan geared to maintaining pre-retirement earnings, combined with a dynamic economy, provided pensions that could prevent destitution in old age. Though the cost of the German scheme would be higher, its impact on self-reliance might well be less pronounced.

Countries also differ in how they pay for these programs. Through social security contributions, the British taxpayer in 1973 supplied only 16.3 percent of total revenues. American taxpayers raised 24 percent of public receipts in this fashion, while the proportion in some of the European countries was even higher, reaching nearly 40 percent in France and the Netherlands. More than any other Common Market member except Denmark, Britain disperses the cost of the welfare state by charging it to general levies, such as income, sales, and corporate taxes. As a result, the penalties for making too many visits to the doctor or for prolonging sick leave are felt indirectly, if at all. The temptation to malinger is obvious, though whether or not any other arrangement can effectively control demand for these programs is an open issue.

Perhaps the main conclusion to be drawn from this comparison is that the relationship between the welfare state and economic vitality is a complex one. Some countries, like Germany, are both generous and prosperous. Others, like Ireland, have managed to be neither. Britain falls in between, though it is tending toward Ireland in both attributes. It may be that self-reliance and social programs are mutually reinforcing, although the simpler explanation is that the forces affecting national dynamism are broader than a particular set of welfare policies. Insofar as pampering has affected growth, the important matter would seem to be not the scope of the welfare state, but rather, how it operates.

### *The Perspective from Britain*

In virtually all the major industrialized nations, political debates about the welfare state have raged during the last few years. In the French elections of 1973 and 1974, "social welfare versus growth" was a main point of contention between Gaullists and Socialists. In Denmark, where the welfare state is financed mostly by general revenues, an anti-tax party became the second largest bloc in parliament in 1973. The Swedes, reportedly, have become concerned about the price in personal freedom extracted in return for Europe's most extensive social programs. Germany and Belgium have undertaken major efforts to overhaul their social security systems, as has distant New Zealand. And in the United States, welfare reform—in one or another meaning of the term—has been high on the national agenda since 1968.

In short, whether stingy or moderate by international standards, social policy may still look rampantly profligate at home. And perhaps with good reason. Why, after all, should Britain spend as much of its national income on social programs as, say, Germany does? A lesser amount could, conceivably, purchase as much "welfare" as a higher sum would in a different country. By the same token, the smaller figure could even be too much for a particular nation to bear without harming its potential for economic growth. Regardless of the scope of social programs elsewhere, a country might still be pampering its citizens more than it should.

Is this the case in Britain? Because of its early leadership among welfare states, might Britain have aspired to preserve a stature it could neither afford nor attain? And in so doing, has it created the conditions of economic decline? Although open to argument, the evidence suggests not.

There is no question that welfare spending in Britain has increased prodigiously during the last two decades. Between 1953 and 1973, public expenditures at constant prices rose by 506 percent for the social services, 275 percent for education, 159 percent for social security, and 141 percent for the health service. Not all of this growth was controllable. A longer life-span inevitably means that more money is needed for pensions, just as a bigger school-age population requires extra amounts for teachers, classrooms, and the like. Particularly in education, some of the increase was a consequence of underinvestment in the period between the wars. Still, both Conservative and Labour governments have also made deliberate efforts to expand the welfare state. The vast rise in public expenditures testifies to Harold Macmillan's commitment to a home-owning democracy, Harold Wilson's to a university-trained technocracy, and both parties' to a well-fed gerontocracy.

But as Rudolf Klein has observed, the real handmaiden of these spending increases has been prosperity, not political ideology. Over most of the last two decades, the British economy has been growing, sometimes in fits and starts, but nonetheless at an annual rate only slightly below 3 percent. Despite the huge increases in social spending, public expenditure on goods and services went only from 29 to 31 percent of the gross national product, while the increase in income transfers had a similar impact. Offsetting the expansion of the welfare state was the contraction of the garrison one; from 25 percent of the budget in 1953, defense outlays fell to 10 percent in 1973. This, together with the nation's



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brief periods of affluence, lessened the financial burden of a generous social policy.

To be sure, the combination did not leave much room for reducing taxation. On the contrary, in growing slightly faster than the economy as a whole, the welfare state pre-empted a larger share of each year's new resources. By 1970, more than 40 percent of the gross national product was being taken in taxes, the second highest ratio in the Common Market. In personal income and national insurance taxes alone, the share rose from 12.7 percent of total income in 1963 to 17.1 percent in 1970, before declining to 16.1 percent in 1973. The average male employee usually did not have to pay direct taxes before World War II, but by 1963, 8.8 percent of his income was taken and a decade later, a swingeing 21.1 percent. What was not purchased by raising new revenues was, of course, eventually paid for by an inflated currency.

Yet remarkably, the living standards of most Britons suffered only modestly, if that. The average wage-earner paid more in taxes because he had become prosperous enough to enter the higher tax brackets. Except for the recession year of 1962, not until 1974 was there a year in which the net real income of the typical Briton declined; previously, it had grown at a rate of two percent or more (though from 1964 to 1969, under the Labour Government, the annual increase averaged one percent). As the welfare state expanded, disposable income shrank from 74 percent of gross national product to 69 percent. Likewise, consumption fell from 73 percent to 63 percent, although part of this reflected a major rise in personal savings during the 1950s. But rising personal prosperity was evident both in the vastly increased ownership of goods like televisions, refrigerators, and washing machines, and in a flourishing private sector, even in areas of social spending. Though public housing drove many landlords out of business, the proportion of British families who lived in their own homes went from 29 percent in 1950 to 52 percent in 1973. Private health insurance, particularly in group plans, has been expanding rapidly, and although the number is declining, nearly half of all medical specialists still have a part-time practice of their own. Half of the British work force participate in occupational pension plans, which have become a major source of new investment capital. Perhaps most surprising, private charities, instead of disappearing in the face of so much public benevolence, have altered and enlarged their role.

Undeniably, less social spending and more consumption would have made for a more desirable economic policy. The average Briton, at least, would have obtained a larger share of the country's prosperity. *The Economist* estimates, for example, that between 1964 and 1967 government took 85 percent of the new growth, leaving little incentive for improving productivity. But this was not a typical period, for since the end of the War the average Briton has not done that badly. In any event, there is no evidence that he strongly opposed using more national resources for social purposes or that he obtained no benefits from them. Whether he would have done still better with a smaller welfare state depends upon what other means (if any) would have been used to perform the same tasks.

Thus the real problem of British social spending is not that it expanded too quickly while the nation grew, but that it continues to expand while the economy has all but stopped. Between 1974 and 1975, the per capita amount devoted to pensions, education, and the like rose by 12 percent in real terms, with a large share of the gain due to the introduction of a program of food subsidies. New claims for unemployment benefits placed an additional demand upon the Treasury, which sought to cut back where it could. The Treasury could exercise little control, for the fastest growing programs were those of local governments; the personal social services, for example, increased by 13.8 percent, a rate only slightly below that of preceding years. Since the economy generated little new revenue, high rates of taxation and double-digit inflation were inevitable, devouring disposable income. Like the sorcerer's broom in the fairy tale, the British welfare state, a manageable instrument in normal times, has proven to be a demonic one in the strained conditions the nation now confronts.

### *The Services State*

The irony is that as the welfare state has made Britons more secure, it has made their nation less so.

There is nothing mysterious in this. Britain may indeed have spent no more on social programs than comparable countries have. It may have been moderate in committing its resources to these activities. It may even have managed to provide adequate incentives to earn and to save. Yet it has done all this while its industries have been contracting. The result is that the welfare state has been the growth sector of the British economy, especially in recent years. Britons have increasingly become employed in "doing good." And that has meant that the nation was almost certainly less likely to do well.

In all countries, the pattern is similar. As they become wealthier and more highly developed, jobs in agriculture and manufacturing decline, while those providing services—insurance, banking, law, health care, education, and the like—increase. Only indirectly, if at all, will the latter add to national income. An educated worker presumably can produce more valuable goods than an uneducated one. But in the process of schooling, resources are diverted which might be worth more than the return due to increased skills. If a nation is to remain prosperous, its industries must make good at least some of the loss. In most of Europe and in the United States, that is what has occurred. In Britain, it has not.

In most Common Market countries, the growth of the services sector has been offset by a decline in agricultural employment, but in Britain, the decline has instead been in manufacturing. Thus, from 1960 to 1973, while the services sector was expanding from 47 percent to 54.7 percent of the labor force, the percentage of British workers employed in agriculture dropped from 4 percent to 3 percent, and that in industry from 49 percent to 42.3 percent. In France, during the same period, industry's share of the labor force remained constant at 39 percent, even as the share of services rose from 38.6 percent to 48.4 percent. Likewise, about 48 percent of West German workers were engaged in manufacturing or related areas in 1960 and again in 1973; meanwhile services had grown from 37.8 percent to 43.6 percent. Only in Belgium, the Netherlands, and Denmark did the proportion of industrial jobs decline at all, and in these, the rate was appoximately half that in Britain.

One has to look to Sweden or the United States to find a performance similar to Britain's. In both, the growth of the services sector has been accompanied by a sharp decline in the proportion of the work force in manufacturing. But there is also an important difference. During the 1960s and early 1970s, industrial employment in the two countries increased absolutely while it decreased proportionally. In Britain, the decline was absolute as well as relative. By 1971, the textile industry employed 200,000 fewer workers than a decade earlier; shipbuilding, 66,000 fewer; leather, clothing, and footwear, 88,000 fewer; automobiles and other vehicles, 27,000 fewer. If these trends continued, the Department of Employment predicted that another half million jobs in manufacturing would disappear in the 1970s, while the rest of the economy would add more than a million. The nation's current condition suggests this may be an overly optimistic forecast.

Not all of this loss in output went unreplaced. Some industries became more efficient and some services made real contributions to the economy. In banking and insurance, for example, Britain added nearly one-quarter million workers during the 1960s. For a nation chronically in need of capital, this would not appear to be an unwise use of its resources. Indeed, London's financial community



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is a major asset, despite the diminished role of sterling in international commerce.

But these types of services did not grow as rapidly as education, health care, social services, and public administration. From 1961 to 1973, the work force in central government increased by 14 percent and in local government, by 53 percent. By 1981, the Employment Department's survey projected, a total of two million new jobs will have been created in the public sector.

These probably added something to national income, but it is not easy to say how much. For one, the expansion of the public services brought more women and part-time workers into the labor force. But if they could have been employed in industry, their worth might well have been greater. Public spending also stimulated demand for certain goods, both directly through the purchase of textbooks, medicines, and the like, and indirectly, as a result of steady (and higher) pay for teachers, doctors, and the providers of other services. This presumably had some value in sustaining the British economy, but whether investment elsewhere would have been still more productive is another matter. Indeed, given the low return to spending in education, health care, and similar programs, it is hard to imagine that a different pattern of growth would not have done better. Even if these services had enhanced the health, education, or well-being of Britons, the payoff could not have been great. Healthier and better educated workers, no less than their opposites, confronted a shortage of opportunities in the industrial sector. Whatever its personal value, the welfare state could not yield much in the way of economic rewards (except, of course, to those countries fortunate to receive British emigrants.) For the jobs that were most likely to be available were those which could, perhaps, increase "human" capital, but little else.

Thus, the British predicament. As in Sweden and the United States, providing services is now the occupation of a majority of the labor force, including the one out of six who work in the public sector. Britain differs from Sweden and America (and even more from other countries still moving in the same direction) in that industrial growth has been laggard. More Britons are employed in tasks which add little or nothing to national output; fewer have jobs which could generate greater income, and even these usually do not do very well. In essence, Britain has evolved into a poor man's version of the post-industrial state.

How this came about is a complex tale. It involves changes in the competitive position of British firms, in the availability of capital, and in government industrial policies. And, of course, it also involves productivity. According to the National Economic Development Office, Britain obtains a smaller increase in output from each unit of capital invested than any other industrialized country. Numerous reasons might be suggested: obsolete plant and machinery, formal and informal work rules, misdirected investments, and so on. I have made no effort to determine which (if any) are most important.

What I have done is argue that the programs of the welfare state deserve relatively little of the blame. Based on the indirect evidence presented here, they do not appear to have pampered the British worker nor to have drastically cut his financial incentives. (At least no so far; the rapid increase in social spending of the last few years may be changing the situation.) Moreover, such damage as might have occurred could well have been offset by improvements in the quality of the labor force. Though unlikely to have hampered the performance of industry, nonetheless, the welfare state has diverted the careers of many Britons away from it. And in this way, it has helped make an already weak economy even weaker. For Britain is now a specialist in producing welfare, a commodity that will do little to improve the balance of trade or myriad of problems with which the nation is beset.

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Was—is—there an alternative? On the premise that there is, the Labour Government's latest industrial policy is founded. It would restrain the growth of social programs, while encouraging the expansion of productive industries. The Conservatives, should they return to office, would pursue a similar course, though perhaps with more fervor. Neither is likely to have much success.

This is partly due to the difficulties in assisting, let alone identifying, potentially viable firms. Success depends upon the ability to foresee changes in demand, the price of raw materials, and the products of competitors. For Britain, the problems are compounded by the country's dependence upon international trade. Past industrial policies provide few grounds for optimism.

In any event, government actions can rarely be based on economic criteria alone. Preserving jobs, regional prosperity, or a symbolic presence in an industry (such as automobiles) will also be considered, in addition to any political calculations. Thus, despite its own internal reports, the Labour Government helped "bail out" the Chrysler Corporation, just as the previous Conservative Government aided such "lame ducks" (to use the term of the Cabinet minister responsible) as Rolls Royce. Perhaps inevitably, industrial policies will be more protective than ruthless, creating a Quasi-nationalized enterprise out of one otherwise apt to founder. To achieve growth in manufacturing, there is no real substitute for making sound fiscal and monetary decisions.

That, too, is difficult, since British governments have consistently over-estimated their abilities to reduce public spending. This is not because it is uncontrollable, in the sense that the amount expended on pensions is determined mainly by the number who claim them. Even then, benefit-levels can be adjusted to lower costs or eligibility, as by revising them annually instead of semi-annually. Moreover, since their major outlays are for facilities and staff, most other programs can be budgeted. Rather, the problem is that even in the midst of an economic crisis, no British government will be able (or think itself able) to muster support for doing so.

The welfare state expanded because most Britons wanted what it provides. It resists contraction because they want still more. These include public jobs that are better paying than equivalent ones in the private sector; votes that sustain politicians in government (the February 1974 elections, which returned Harold Wilson to office, resulted in a prompt £10 hike in aid to the elderly, who gratefully increased their support for him the following October); and most importantly, services which are generally deemed proper and useful. In one of those rare instances where political language reveals almost as much as it conceals, the term "social wage" has lately come to stand for the per capita amount of welfare spending. Presumably, out of take-home pay, one buys a car, a home, and holidays abroad; out of the "social wage," one purchases health care, education, and a decent retirement. The latter, as the Institute of Economic Affairs (IEA) has proposed, might be more efficiently bought out-of-pocket, but would it matter? Given an additional £1500, a 1970 IEA survey showed, a sample of Britons would have used more than half to obtain "welfare" goods. At the time (and still today), the proportion of national income actually being spent on social programs was much smaller.

So long as such demand persists, it is hardly surprising that the real issue is not how to limit the welfare state, but how to finance it. Except for the occasional imposition of user charges, there has been little interest in letting consumers pay directly. (Even then, payment of a small fee for drugs or school milk is unlikely to have much impact upon demand.) Instead, British governments have tried, with decreasing success, to expand the nation's capacity for social spending. For Conservatives, this has meant advocating cuts in taxation; for Labour, a range of measures, including applied technology, devaluation, a "social contract," and most recently, a tax reduction linked to a ceiling on wage increases.



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While curbing the welfare state was often threatened, it was rarely accomplished. Just as the Heath Government's efforts yielded almost invisible results, so too, one would predict, will the much-heralded "austerity" plan of the current administration. Indeed, most of the proposed reductions amount to postponing projects still on the drawing board or not filling positions in the civil service as the become vacant. In case even these measures prove too restrictive, the Labour Government is committed to modify them "as the general course of the economy and the most important needs of the community require." Until more factory hands are seen to be at least as necessary as having extra playleaders, group workers, and program coordinators, no real trimming of the welfare state will occur.

One doubts this will happen soon. Understandably, hard times make retrenchment difficult; the memory of the inadequacy of social services during the Depression is still strong. In addition, no substantial political force appears ready to take on the task. The social reforms of Disraeli give British Conservatives as good a claim to the patrimony of the welfare state as Labour has; indeed, the postwar history has largely been one of Socialists expanding programs while in office, and Tories preserving or improving them. (Lest it be thought change is in the offing, it is worth recalling that one of Margaret Thatcher's major acts as Minister of Education was to call for a massive increase in public nursery school enrollment.) With a firm hand in the Treasury, North Sea oil, and good luck, Britain's economy may pick up again, thereby making social spending nearly as manageable as it was even a decade ago. If the services themselves become more productive, further improvement might follow. But the basic problem is one of choice. Precisely because the British attached great value to welfare programs, the nation has been a world leader in social policy. Because it continues to do so, Britain will remain less prosperous as well. □

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*Stephen R. Maloney*

# *The Lavender Menace*

***Though many homosexuals are harmless and even goodly, the "gay liberation" movement is tawdry, libertine, and barbaric. What is more, its ambience is not especially gay.***

In the happy days before the turn of the twentieth century, Americans called their decade "Gay." If our times deserve that epithet, however, it is a sign not of our social mirth, but rather of our swelling preoccupation with homosexuality. The vulgar Marxism of our public discourse, with its chatter about collective identity, class struggle, and "liberation," has granted homosexuals new status as an embattled minority with as righteous a grievance against the hetero majority as that of downtrodden blacks in the Jim Crow South. And the homosexual life, once kept shadowy and furtive for fear of discovery, is now so much in the open that it has become for some an avocation: the "gay activist" of the '70s has replaced the civil rights leader of the '60s as a fixture on the trendy cocktails-and-talk-show circuit.

As a conservative—and indeed a closet libertarian—I am not one to begrudge homosexuals their civil liberties or their privacy. The Supreme Court's recent ruling upholding Virginia's sodomy laws, and permitting the enforcement of such laws by raids on private residences, left me with mixed feelings. I sympathize with the discreet homosexuals who must endure governmental incursion into their most intimate affairs. The strongest enforcers of laws regulating consensual, adult sexual activity, it seems to me, are the same legal pecksniffs that recently tried to proscribe mother-daughter and father-son school functions; the types that found an all-male elementary school choir *in flagrante delicto*, that is, singing without female accompaniment.

If an aging eccentric solicits the services of a consenting adult, ties him (or her) up naked, and then rolls hard-boiled eggs at the hireling, all the while shouting "Bombs Away!" we do not need to call out the SWAT squad and the National Guard lest these United States go the way of Heliogabalus' Rome. The Constitution surely allows us to make, as the homosexuals might say, perfect asses of ourselves.

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We do need to distinguish, however, between behavior that should be prohibited and behavior that should be disapproved. As Charles Soccarides, perhaps the greatest living expert on homosexual behavior, has said, we must recognize, if we "hope to survive," that mating with a member of the opposite sex is not only natural but also necessary. Libertinism undermines libertarianism by ignoring the rights of others; the shared judgment among thoughtful people in all vital and humane civilizations has been that sexuality finds its highest fulfillment in the connubial union of man and woman and that society builds its achievements on the foundation of the family.

The historical picture, in particular, must be brought back in focus. Just as revisionist historians have claimed to discover that Harry Truman started the Cold War in order to make the world safe for Smith and Wesson, so "Gay" revisionists would have us believe that history is a veritable procession of fuchsia chariots, emperors in drag, poets pining for the lad next door, and the boys in the band composing unforgettable symphonies. But as anthropologist Marvin K. Opler shows, that just isn't so. Very few lands have openly tolerated homosexuality. Opler lists the ancient Greeks, the beraches (search me?), Nata slaves, "one category of Chukchee shamans"—and "the top echelons of Nazi Germany." Not exactly, as Archie Bunker might observe, "your mainstream of Western civ."

Gordon Rattray-Taylor subtracts ancient Greece from the list of worthies: the common notion of the Athenian statesman, orating by day, fellating by night, is a myth; the adult male-young boy relationship so often confused with modern pederasty was

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anathema to the Greeks. (Indeed, the word *paiderastia*, meaning literally "love of boys," was a part of the Platonic vocabulary and had by that time a generally pejorative sense.) The rare consummation of such affairs was designated "vile behavior" and was punishable by death. Plato identifies the true nature of the adult-youth relationship as, well, Platonic: "the one love [pederasty] is made for pleasure; the other love, beauty. The one is an *involuntary sickness* [my emphasis], the other a sought enthusiasm....[Non-coital] love tends to the good of the beloved, the other to the ruin of both....The one is virile, the other effeminate." An Assyrian tablet from the twelfth century B.C. reveals more about that cruel land's justice than the lawmakers might have known; the penalty there for homosexuality was to be sodomized by the righteously indignant jury and then castrated.

In our modern Babylons, one of the most striking features of Gay propaganda is its similarity to the ostensibly macho, "if it feels good, do it" Playboyism marketed by Hefner, Guccione, and other journalistic flesh-merchants. Viktor Frankl, survivor of Auschwitz, psychiatrist, and originator of logotherapy, sees a direct link between the "Bunny" girl—being old-fashioned, he calls her the "chorus girl"—and homosexuality. In *The Doctor and the Soul* Frankl says sex with the chorus girls is characterized by impersonality; infidelity is also of the essence of the relationship; further, "where the quality of love [suggesting an enduring relationship] is lacking, the lack must be compensated by quantity of sexual pleasure." Thus, the *idée fixe* of *Playboy* on the frequency of orgasm, a concern it shares with the *Gay Advocate*. Dr. Karl Stern, another psychiatrist, says in *The Flight From Woman* that the philosophical direction of our times is homosexual in its denigration of the traditional qualities associated with *das ewig erlösende Frauenzimmer*—the ever-redeeming female, symbolic of intuition, receptivity, and compassion.

In his remarks on Don Juanism, Stern metaphorically puts the *Playboy* philosopher and the Gay theoreticians in the same intellectual bed: Don Juan is "the man who is fascinated by conquest but unable to love." Stern goes on to say, "In such men the ambivalence towards the mother is so deep *and the homosexual tie is so strong* that they cannot commit themselves to a woman other than by an ambivalent and sadistic relationship. And they are mysteriously compelled to go through this act of conquest and flight in an eternally repetitive experience." Stern refuses to call these men "lovers," because they lack "the lasting commitment" necessary to love. In fact, promiscuity is the norm in homosexuality.

A good description of this is to be found in William Aaron's *Straight*, the autobiography of a homosexual who shook his habit to become husband and father: "In the gay world, promiscuity, voyeurism, incest, 'water sports' [urination games], and even coprophilia are, alas, far from rare." It is not uncommon, Aaron points out, for a frequenter of the "baths," fetid with urine, sweat, and other effluvia, to "make love" [sic] with a dozen men in one night—and never, in the gloom, to see their faces. In choosing a lifestyle so at variance with the mores and the laws of society, most homosexuals equate sexual gratification with danger the way a junkie associates happiness with a "fix." As quoted by Tom Burke in *Esquire*, one of the New Homosexuals—the generation that turns on with acid and the Rolling Stones in lieu of pink gin and Judy Garland—suggests that a volatile mixture of promiscuity and thrill-seeking may be bubbling ever more vigorously: "...gay kids in their twenties don't have the hang-ups that old queens had..., so that they start making out much earlier, and get bored sooner with sex in pairs....Danger is groovy. It's always new." Psychiatrist Evelyn Hooker supports the view that "the most standardized and characteristic pattern...in the 'gay' world is the 'one-night stand.' "

The gay bar is the center of activist homosexual life; the eye-beams go from face to face; occasionally a couple drops outside for a quickie, to return a few moments later, looking for "fresh meat." The rhythms of the bars reflect constant movement in a parody of normal sexual tension and release. As the night wears on, those uglies who have not made a connection become agitated with sexual energy. Aaron suggests the grim realitites of the gay bar as closing time approaches: "As the hour grows late, there is a steady stream of men swaggering, sneaking, stalking, and sidling in and out of the toilet." Gay sexuality in fact is almost wedded to lavatories; the sexual relations often appear more fecal than genital, reminiscent of the "sexuality" of an incontinent two-year-old.

One doesn't have to be a Freudian to note the childishness of most homosexual behavior; the criteria for sexual worth betray the same kind of immaturity one finds in the girlie magazines. Dr. Cornelia Wilbur points out the somatophilia of lesbians, the obsession with "beautiful faces or beautiful bodies...[the] preoccupation with breast development." Among their gay brothers, the size of one's sexual organ is the key to happiness. Of all American groups homophiles are the most egregious youth-worshippers; senility, most of them seem to believe, sets in at age 30. The be-wigged, rouged denizens of "wrinklesville" find the land of the gay is no country for an old man.

There is a kind of Wilhelm Reichianism gone mad at the heart of homosexuality. Auden's "Lay Your Sleeping Head, My Love" is the only homosexual poem in this century to convey with artistic grace a romantic feeling toward a person of the same sex. Mostly homosexuality begets violence and mutual abasement. John Rechy, appropriately named, in *City of Night* and Hubert Selby in *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, are recommended only to aspiring misanthropes; they detail the "hustlers" (the British call them "rent boys") and the "rough trade" (married and unmarried sadists) who often provide beatings and mutilations as part of their "service."

Like other outlaw bands, the so-called "gays" have developed their own jargon and are expropriating some of the best words in our language. Just as we know that a "liberation" group is invariably composed of a collection of tyrants connected with liberty only in that they shun it, so the word "gay" inevitably refers to the human equivalent of a chamber of horrors, a person whose self-hatred is only matched by his loathing for the "straight" world that provides him with an excuse for his own failures. "I have visited gay bars in many of the world's great cities," says William Aaron, "but I have never seen one which was truly gay in the best sense of the word." "Gay" replaced "homophile" which replaced "homosexual"—in much the same manner that the "dole" begat "welfare" which begat "public assistance," both examples reflecting our never-ending struggle to neutralize the odious. "Gay boy" comes from Australia, c. 1925; it was preceded by "gay girl," a nineteenth-century term with connotations of commonness, even of prostitution. In William Butler Yeats' beautiful "Lapis Lazuli," we read the words, "for Hamlet and Lear are gay." Students snicker when they read the lines—so that's why Hamlet didn't kill the King! And now we must snicker when we hear "switch-hitter" (bisexual) or "pitch and catch," for homosexuals, though they mostly prefer frisbee to baseball, have even stolen from our national pastime.

In much of its jargon, gay polemics has wed itself to lunatic economic mysticism. Consider what one Lesbian indentifies as the "material basis for power in Amerika [sic]." Are you ready, ladies and gentlemen: It is "the penis." And if we want to establish a new basis for that order we know what will be the fate of the organ, don't we? Or if you don't accept the penis envy-castration theory of history, try out Nick Benton's thesis that "Sex between persons of the same sex is the cultural antithesis to the most fundamental presupposition of the whole Western capitalistic mentality, which is derived from one fundamental act—'missionary position' sexual intercourse."

We can laugh at "gay economics," but not at the movement's effect on other kinds of scholarship. Citing various studies that



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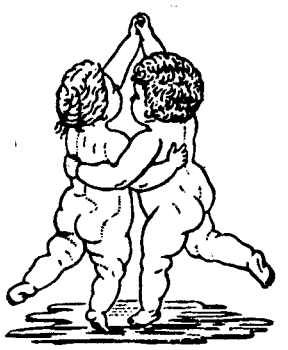
established the psychopathology of homosexuality, Irving Bieber said they "leave us with no doubt that homosexuality is not normal. The contrary notion is a myth promulgated largely by the militant homosexuals." Alas, the "myth" is now promulgated also by Bieber's colleagues in the American Psychiatric Association, which proved itself all profile and no courage in the face of gay demonstrations and disruptions. For the first time in history, perhaps, a disease was cured by political means—a reversal of the Khrushchevian pattern of "curing" political dissent by psychiatric methods.

Literary critics have fared even worse than the psychiatrists when faced with homosexuality. Truman Capote's new novel, *Answered Prayers*, a structureless potpourri of gossip and perversions, coupled with such tasteless wisecracks as, "Women are like rattlesnakes—the last thing that dies is their tail," is succeeding mainly because it feeds jaded literary tastes. The late Arnold Gingrich, generally a superb editor, provides an exemplum of how far artistic tastes have declined when he gushes about *Answered Prayers*, "you walked in the wide-open door to wallow in the delicious dirt dished up by almost anybody about nearly everybody you've ever heard of." A new movement in literary criticism is to make the disgusting seem profound by inoculating it with existentialist gobbledygook. George Dennison took on the culture-hero of the 1960s, the obese pederast-thief Jean Genet, and came up with such profundities as this one about Genet's "circuitous patterns of fetishism in the sense that for certain homosexuals the human male is a fetish standing for the human male." (Not very imaginative in their fetishes, I would say.) After this profundity, Dennison becomes almost diathyrambic, as he becomes the critical version of the one-man band: "What is the effect of our long confrontation with an 'I' that is perpetually becoming? More pointedly, that is becoming *the other* of the 'you' it addresses? I would like to suggest that if the 'I' is the becoming of an identity which is a legend, the 'you' must be conceived of in a similar way: 'ordinary morality' as a legend and a becoming. For one's tendency, reading Genet, is not simply to accept the 'you' as oneself, but to move in and out of it pursuing one's own response to the otherness of the 'I.' " The moral: masturbation may not make you insane, but studying Genet produces glossolalia. If Dennison is right (whatever he means), than homosexuality is much worse than we have thought.



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Gay liberation is a strange mixture of the pathetic and the dangerous; it is utterly humorless, like any pink-blooded American "liberation" movement, and it presents us with two major dangers. First, it attempts to marshal the widespread libertarian instincts of the American people in the service of barbaric principles. By a process of syllogistic leapfrogging, it tries to convert the widely accepted principle that consenting adults should be allowed to engage in sexual imbecilities into a broader acceptance of *any* sexual practice, consensual or otherwise. In the November 1970 *Harper's* Paul Goodman—*littérateur*, pedagogue, pederast—indignantly denied that "any" sexual practice could be harmful to a child. When William Aaron in his gay days confronted a particularly libidinous pederast who hired seven- and eight-year-old slum dwellers to assuage his lusts, the man tossed aside Aaron's criticisms with the comment, "Let's face it; these kids know the score." Another gay theoretician rallies to the cause of both the leather set and lover-starved farm boys contemplating their father's sheep herd when he calls for a reconsideration of "so-called [sic] perverted sex—sado-masochism, sex with animals ...we shouldn't be apologetic to straights about gay people whose lives we don't understand or share." A perfect illustration of a peculiarly sloppy mental trait of our times: the willingness to grant value to almost any kind of behavior while denying (at least implicitly) the shared values that make communities possible. The homosexuals' stress on self-gratification indicates very little of the concern for the rights of others, very little interest in "consent."

An Elmer Wayne Henley (the Houston pederast-murderer) may be as rare among homosexuals as a Richard Speck is among heteros, but there is a sadistic tone to much Gay Lib propaganda that is disturbing. William Aaron rightfully points out that "Freedom means options," and that there is a submission to obsessions in homosexuality that denies freedom. Yeats once said that "civilization is a great struggle to achieve self-control." There is little self-control (or self-knowledge) in most homosexual literature and activity and a corresponding unconcern for the survival of civilization.

The second (and corollary) danger is the damage "Gay Liberation" is inflicting on the central institution of Western civilization: the family. Andrew Lytle has suggested that dictatorships cannot grow or thrive in a society where there is a strong family system. Thomas Mann's brilliant *novella*, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, written during the days of the Weimar Republic, shows the parallel disintegration of the family and of morality that prepared the way for Hitler. And the ascendancy of homosexuals is helping us on the way to such disintegration in our time—not by the nasty acts they perpetrate on one another in the restrooms of the local bus station but by the way their self-justifications fuel what St. Augustine called the "burning cauldron of unholy lusts." Their excessive concentration on self-gratification reinforces the onanistic tendencies found in such journals of supposedly heterosexual chic as *Playboy*.

Much of the Gay Lib propaganda intensifies the hatred for the opposite sex found, for example, in *Ms*. Consider the following remarks addressed to potential contributors by *Amazon Quarterly*: "We accept no work from men, nor any work with a heterosexual theme." Or this from *The Second Wave* (another lesbian publication): "We do not want work glorifying men, marriage, traditional women's roles, etc." There is an unreality in this, a refusal to confront what John Crowe Ransom called "the world's body." In Jill Johnston's *Lesbian Nation* there are to be no "Jacks." But Jill can't play on Craig Schoonmaker's side of the street either: "We should create men's neighborhoods and women's neighborhoods,....the opposite sex is at best irrelevant and at worst a grievous annoyance to homosexuals. In a homosexual world, there is absolutely no reason why women *have* to be a part of a man's life. One need not have friends of the opposite sex...." There is really a kind of blasphemy about all this, a hatred of the created universe, a detestation of diversity among these supposed devotees of individual preference.

One preference the gays disdain is the choice of fidelity within the framework of traditional marriage. The Dutch expert on homosexuality, Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, says of childhood in our time that "the possibility for normal development has diminished." Homosexuals want to take this pathological aspect of our time and make it into a platform for a gay, new world. Ruitenbeek goes on, "For the growing boy...the contemporary family provides neither refuge nor models. All through history man and woman have played sharply defined roles in their societies." Many people are thus, like William Aaron, drawn in two directions, and Gay Lib rhetoric functions like a siren song, asking young people to smash their lives on the rocks of perversion and despair.

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I think it is more important that we revivify the family than that we expend our energy seeing that "homosexual rights" are strictly observed. There does come a time in certain social issues when tolerance becomes spiritual laziness. That time has not yet come with Gay Lib, I believe, but it may. The Constitution, as Justice Goldberg said, is "not a suicide pact."

Over against the hatred of the normal, what one observer has called "contempt for ordinary life, contempt for ordinary people... contempt for those who find some gratification in family life," we can offer models that manifest a true gaiety of act and vision. In a



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brilliant *Harper's* review of (bisexual) Kate Millett's feminist screed, *Sexual Politics*, Irving Howe talks about his own family:

I recall my mother and father sharing their years in trouble and affection, meeting together the bitterness of sudden poverty during the Depression, both of them working for wretched wages in the stinking garment center, helping one another, in the shop, on the subways, at home, through dreadful years. And I believe, indeed know, that they weren't unique, there were thousands of other such families in the neighborhoods in which we lived. Was my mother a drudge in subordination to the "master group"? No more a drudge than my father who used to come home with hands and feet blistered from his job as a presser. Was she a "sexual object"? I never would have thought to ask, but now, in the shadow of decades, I should like to think that at least sometimes she was.

Howe's vision is clear. It is a view that the meaning of life has little to do with loveless couplings in decaying restrooms but that it has much—everything—to do with giving, sympathizing, and controlling, with the mystical complementariness of male and female. The tawdriness of "homosexual liberation"—and of its brothers under the skin on the magazine rack—can blind us to the true gaiety of the nuptial relationship of man and woman which has endured throughout so many millennia of poverty and sorrow, of affluence and joy. □

*George W. Hilton*

# *Highway Despotism: A Libertarian Look at Traffic Cops*

*The enforcement of American traffic regulations is in some ways as despotic as life in the Soviet Union.*

In the unlikely event that the reader seeks a sample of life in a Communist society, let him consider his relations with the traffic cop. It will be the thesis of this short polemic that traffic law enforcement produces most of what is most repellent in Soviet society because of a common bond—the absence of property rights.

Most of what we use as consumers belongs to us as a consequence of some market transaction, but not roads. Rather, roads are owned communally, and though the government charges us for using them, it is a flat excise on gasoline so small relative to the total cost of running an automobile that we act essentially as if roads were free. We don't lay out a fee for the use of any given thoroughfare. Far from it: roads are allocated on a first-come first-served basis like foul balls in a ball park. Spectators dash for a foul ball, jumping over seats or diving down aisles until somebody takes a firm grasp on the ball, after which the other participants in the chase usually, though not invariably, observe his property right to it. So too, we spot a space in a flow of moving vehicles and try to beat other drivers to it.

In general, everybody else observes our rights to the position in traffic we have established, and no one bashes into us intentionally. This method of allocation, however, entails split-second decision-making which must inevitably be erroneous on many occasions. Because of the risks involved, the process of allocation is circumscribed by a vast number of rules for dealing with the resource. Because the system involves queuing, as most forms of nonprice allocation do, many of the rules are directives for queuing behavior: observance of red lights, stop signs, and the like. The rest are mainly restrictions on one's use of the space in the flow of vehicles: speed limits, requirements for use of turn signals, permitted characteristics of the vehicle, and so on.

The rules are so numerous that inevitably they are violated continually. In the 1960s, the District of Columbia traffic authorities undertook a study of driver behavior and concluded that a typical driver violated a traffic rule every 30 seconds. Under the circumstances, there is inevitably a considerable random element in law enforcement: the typical driver gets arrested for what he does all the time and what he sees his fellow drivers doing continually. This creates a chronic anxiety as to when the police are about to descend, a fear they'll do so when one hasn't committed any offense, and an ethic of simply doing whatever one thinks he can get away with on the basis of his best guess as to what the police are likely to find out.

When the police do descend, there is none of Adam Smith's invisible hand. The traffic cop makes no presumption that one was using the road in the public interest. Rather, he presumes that one was using the road for some illicit purpose, and he looks for evidence of a stolen car, violation of liquor or narcotics statutes, flight from prosecution, or other crimes. Traffic courts have a nominal presumption of innocence, but the justice is mainly on a level of if-you-were-arrested-you-did-it. Most drivers face this, and make no effort to fight conviction.

All of the foregoing squares with the Soviet citizen's evaluation of the legal framework facing him. His property rights are limited to a bare set of personal possessions. He must queue up for housing and many other goods and services that are provided on conditions of disequilibrium pricing. His behavior is circumscribed by rules which entail no presumption of an invisible hand. The random element in law enforcement threatens him with the Gulag Archipelago, however, rather than a trip to the traffic court.

The parallel dosn't end with that. In both cases the situation produces a feeling of powerlessness. The 55-mile-per-hour speed limit is widely looked upon as a foolish idea. Adding such a nonprice restriction to the rise in the pump price of gasoline reduces the elasticity of demand for gasoline, and helps to stabilize the oil cartel. The policy was issued as an edict which most of us grudgingly accept as yet another aspect of the system over which we have no control. As in Soviet society, the authorities choose a goal and force us to accept it. But the stated goal of our traffic policy—which is usually to minimize deaths in traffic accidents—simply doesn't stand scrutiny. If the government were trying to minimize deaths, it would simply prohibit automotive transportation. It doesn't do so, obviously, because there are countervailing benefits. There is nothing in the framework of traffic policy which encourages anybody to seek an optimum between costs and bene-

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fits. Even if minimization of deaths is taken as the appropriate goal, the institutional literature of traffic safety demonstrates that policing is the most costly way of achieving it. The high rate at which we kill one another off on the highways could be interpreted as a demonstration that flashing lights and screaming sirens are the wrong way of going at the problem, but the death rate is invariably cited as a justification for more expenditures on policing. The establishment becomes as self-perpetuating as the Gulag Archipelago, and the public accepts it with the same resignation that the Soviet citizen accepts Communism: "It is the only way; we have no alternative to the system. It must be perfected and made more humane."

Efforts at making traffic enforcement much different from what it is are frustrated by the fact that the system's very existence tends to attract people who like to dominate their fellow man. Once again, this squares with Soviet society. Yet another analogy is the incentive in traffic enforcement to use electronic snooping devices. Ordinary property rights and civil liberties protect one's house or one's phone conversations from being bugged without a warrant, but one is regularly exposed to radar surveillance on the highways to ascertain how one is using the communal resource of roads. The net effect is to give most of us criminal records with respect to roads, but not otherwise.

What implications follow from these considerations for policy toward roads? We are beset with something domestically that is the analogue of what, with mixed success, we have been opposing internationally for a quarter century. To be consistent, we should try to get rid of it domestically as thoroughly as possible.

First, some roads could be turned over to the private sector. The logic of having government build and allocate roads is based on the presumption that it is so easy to get on and off them that private persons could not price the service. This logic doesn't apply to limited-access roads, however, which could be in the private sector. There would be no greater problem in collecting fees than in parking lots. Among the bundle of services which the entrepreneurs would offer would be superior safety and superior civil liberties relative to unlimited-access roads. Precisely how they'd offer these services I don't know—and there is no reason why I should know. The road firms' effort at dealing with these problems is the sort of innovation in response to market incentives that we want the private sector to provide.

One humble example illustrates the private sector's ability to do in a nondespotic fashion what the traffic police can do only with penalties. In general, there is no legal standing to the parking stalls, directional arrows, and stop signs in parking lots. In lieu of stop signs, therefore, some owners of parking lots provide humps in the pavement called speed arresters. Anyone who wants to take one of them at full speed may do so if he is willing to absorb the damage to his vehicle that the process will entail. Because this is a nonpecuniary transaction, it is necessarily crude and unsatisfactory, but it does accomplish what sensible public policy attempts to do: it internalizes the cost of undesirable behavior to the person who commits it.

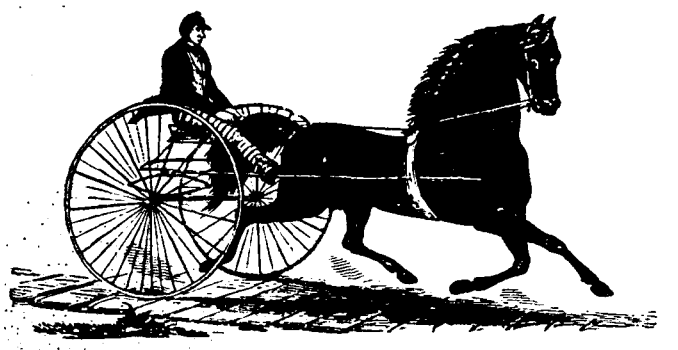
The present system of traffic law enforcement seeks to accomplish the same thing with a set of criminal penalties. In at least one major recent instance, though, public policy has managed the reverse of internalizing the cost of unsafe behavior. As Professor Sam Peltzman has shown in a recent article in the *Journal of Political Economy*, the requirements of seat belts, impact-absorbing bumpers, and other federally-mandated safety devices cause motorists to drive more aggressively, to have more accidents, and to inflict proportionally more damage on pedestrians and property than on themselves.

Second, adoption of price-rationing for ordinary roads would provide an advance in civil liberties, as well as in safety, allocative effciency, and the other grounds on which price-rationing is customarily advocated. Economists have widely pointed out that the present system of paying for roads with an excise on gasoline gives no adequate disincentive to driving in rush hours. We actually pay for roads with the time we waste in the queues on them. This is a method of paying which gives us no incentive to fill vehicles: we pay the same price whether we drive alone or in a full car. As a consequence, the average load in rush-hour vehicles falls lower and lower as our incomes increase.

Professor William Vickrey of Columbia University has recommended for some years a metering system whereby wires in the streets would activate meters in the automobiles, allowing variation of the user charges by place, hour, and direction of use of the streets. Such pricing would give an incentive to fill vehicles, for the fees could then be split among the occupants, unlike the price in time which one pays at present. Similarly, variable user charges would give an incentive to make trips in off hours, to stay out of central business districts entirely if one had no business there, to live closer to one's work, to use transit for work trips, to avoid redundant trips, and otherwise to economize on road use. Vickrey's system would also permit criteria for additional road investment analogous to calculations of marginal and average cost in the private sector of the economy.

For present purposes, Vickrey's proposal would greatly reduce the queuing on roads, and otherwise get rid of the excess demand in peak periods. This would make them much safer, and reduce the justification for much of the policing which presently exists. No doubt the policing establishment would fight the proposal, but inept policies invariably generate their own support for continuance.

Finally, what implications follow from this analysis regarding despotisms? The considerations here argue that private property rights are a protection against a despotic system. A despotism that chooses a goal, has a compulsory ideology, and minimizes property rights has more power to oppress its citizenry than one that doesn't. The current play, *Sizwe Banzi is Dead*, portrays the adaptation of black South Africans to a system which is despotic to them. The protagonist, Styles, is a black photographer who escaped the repression of apartheid by converting his hobby of outdoor photography into a business of portrait photography in Port Elizabeth. Something as simple as a property right in a camera gave him partial escape from a repressive system. I doubt that many American spectators thought of the play in those terms. Similarly I doubt that many Americans see the elements of communal despotism in the local traffic cop, but it is there nonetheless. □





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THE NATION'S PULSE

*by*

*Peter J. Rusthoven*

# A Plague of Litigation

Criticism of the courts, while hardly standard or daily fare, is far from uncommon in our avenues of public discourse. The rights of criminals, busing, the partial resurrection of the death penalty—court rulings on all these subjects have generated anguished commentary, and sometimes from liberals as well as conservatives. Too little attention, however, has been given to one of the gravest of our legal problems—the fact that our courts are currently swamped with litigants to a degree unparalleled in our history.

Of course, this is not an original observation. Certainly courts and judges themselves, from the Supreme Court and Chief Justice Burger on down, have noted the problem of ever increasing caseloads and pondered how the judiciary should respond. Practicing attorneys have become acutely aware of overcrowding in the courts through almost daily experience with the protracted nature of modern litigation, and both the American Bar Association and its state counterparts have devoted no little attention to various studies and proposals on how to alleviate the crunch. Indeed, court congestion has even received official recognition and certification as a "problem" by assorted worthies on Capitol Hill, although their contributions to a possible solution show little promise to date. Typical in this regard are the remarks of the Honorable John V. Tunney, boy Senator from California, who has opined that the judiciary, rather than protest its workload, should devote itself to making the courts more accessible to "minorities" and the "disadvantaged."

Tunney's banalities should not be simply ignored, however, for they reflect an attitude which is in large part responsible for the exceedingly slow turning of the wheels of justice. Quite simply, one of the major reasons our courts are nigh unto bursting is that Congress has passed countless pieces of legislation designed to pack the courthouse with lawyers and litigants. The various measures designed to turn students fresh from law school into "poor people's" lawyers on the government payroll are the most obvious example, but many others abound. The National Labor Relations Act, in the name of fostering fair and free collective bargaining, has become a vehicle for turning any number of ordinary firings or simple refusals to hire into eventual subjects of judicial review. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission embroils the courts in a multitude of other employment controversies, with the focus on alleged racial or sexual discrimination. The anti-trust laws have today become a kind of second chance at financial recovery for failed entrepreneurs and assorted other disappointed competitors—who discover that through the magic of the Sherman Act and the courtroom, their business woes can frequently be laid to the door of some rival whose major sins are often mere size and success. And these are but a few: the Environmental Protection Agency, the Occupational Safety & Health Administration, the Federal Communications Commission, the Federal Power Commission, and many others are also actors in the continuing drama of Congressional efforts to reform America through law and the courts. Almost every lawyer has tales to tell of the nonsense that finds its way into the courthouse as these agencies attempt the slow completion of their appointed rounds.

But Congress and its administrative creations are not alone; much of the responsibility must be borne by the overburdened courts themselves. Most people know about busing, and many are roughly familiar with the increasing application of Constitutional "due process" to a wide variety of activities. Relatively few non-lawyers, however, are aware that these represent but a portion of the judiciary's expanded view of the scope of its proper concern. As an example, consider the Federal securities laws, a somewhat esoteric topic to which I devoted some attention while on the staff of a legal journal. Among the myriad of provisions and regulations in this field is the Securities & Exchange Commission's "Rule 10b-5," which purports to proscribe virtually all possible fraud in connection with securities transactions; what has happened to this rule in the courts is a tour de force in expansive judicial construction. The judiciary first determined that the rule implicitly created a right to sue for damages—far surpassing the traditional law of fraud—on the part of anyone who felt he had been injured by its violation, although neither Congress nor the SEC had had this in mind either in passing the basic legislation or in promulgating the rule itself. Second, the official case reports have become sprinkled throughout with statements of varying eloquence and piety about how securities legislation and Rule 10b-5 in particular are to be interpreted "broadly" and "liberally," the better to effect their "remedial purpose." As a consequence, the number of suits based on the rule have multiplied beyond belief, to the point that there is scarcely a stock transaction of any magnitude these days which does not yield its quotient of litigation. Many of these suits, of course, are of dubious merit, a development not confined to the securities field. In lawyer's parlance, these are "nuisance" or "strike suits"—harassment cases brought largely for their settlement value. There are more of them today than ever before.

What is most unfortunate about this is not simply that our courts are overcrowded, nor that this overcrowding makes justice more difficult to obtain for those who in fact deserve it. Nor is it even that much of this overcrowding results from specious suits, suits sanctioned by laws utopian in concept and foolish and disruptive in practice. Serious as these problems are, I believe they are at bottom but the discomfitting side effects of another and more disturbing development.

What I have in mind here has been best expressed by William J. Bennett, Assistant Director of the National Humanities

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Center, in a soon-to-be-published article on "The Constitution and the Moral Order" for the *Hastings Constitutional Law Quarterly*. Bennett eloquently points out that the litigious tendencies of modern America, and our increasing reliance on law and court to do the work of leading us to a better world, represent an abrupt departure from the vision our Founding Fathers had for the Republic. The Founders, he notes, were firm in their belief that the strength of this nation would rest not on its governmental institutions—including its legal institutions—but on the moral virtue of the citizenry. Our current trust in law to perform the tasks of moral and spiritual development and responsibility—tasks once assigned to family and church and, yes, to individuals themselves—thus reflects, to use the words of the late and highly respected Judge Learned Hand, "a sign of a community unsure of itself and seeking protection against its own misgivings."

Bennett recommends a return to the values expressed in such documents as *The Federalist*, and his words are well taken in this era when nearly every social ill, real or imagined, seems to find its way to the courthouse door. Of course, there is a steady source of employment for attorneys in today's litigious trends, and I suppose that in protesting it I am somehow biting the hand that happens to feed me. But I would greatly prefer to be less sure that there will always be work for lawyers, and to be more confident that Congress, the courts, and my fellow citizens recognize that law provides feeble answers at best to our deepest concerns. □

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*W. Bruce Weinrod*

# *Is Korea the Next Vietnam?*

*There are rumblings of conflict along Korea's demilitarized zone, and Americans are talking about "another Vietnam." But the parallels should not be drawn too closely.*

The recent murder of two American servicemen in the Korean Demilitarized Zone has focused public attention on the American presence in South Korea. Over a quarter of a century after the bloody Korean War, the United States still maintains a garrison there of over 40,000 battle-ready troops; and a mutual defense pact, which binds the United States to assist South Korea in fighting external aggression, remains in full effect. Reflecting a three-decade-old bipartisan consensus, both the Nixon and Ford foreign policies have included South Korea within the U.S. strategic defense perimeter.

However, there has been a gradual but noticeable erosion of support for the U.S. Korean policy. Reacting strongly to apparent excesses of the Park Chung Hee government during several crackdowns against dissidents, a number of American journalists and professors have called for a complete pullout from South Korea, while in Congress it has been suggested that the United States should reduce its aid or its number of troops.

These suggestions are invariably accompanied by analogies between Korea and Vietnam, as when columnist Clayton Fritchey asked whether the public wants to "risk another 500,000 casualties and another $150 billion in trying to salvage still another military government." Whatever one may have thought of our Vietnam policy (and I happened to think South Vietnam worthy of our support), such questions are surely in order. Yet just as the French military was paralyzed in 1940 by its obsession with defending the Maginot Line, so the critics of our Korean commitments make a dangerous mistake by being so obsessed with our failures in Vietnam. For there are a number of important respects in which South Korea differs critically from South Vietnam.

In Vietnam, first of all, the Communists were able to capitalize on a residue of anti-Western feeling engendered by French colonial rule. North Vietnamese pretensions of "liberating" the South therefore contained at least a modicum of credibility for many Vietnamese, as General Ky recently noted. By contrast, the only colonialism the South Koreans have suffered has been Japanese; they are vividly aware that Europeans and Americans are not the only people with a drive to dominate. South Korea experienced the brutalities of Communist rule first-hand during the Korean War, so not even the harshest critics of the Park government accept the North Korean claim of being "liberators" of the South. In fact, the one "liberation" that South Koreans remember is the American ouster of the Japanese in 1945; it is interesting to note that, unlike many other U.S. defense outposts, American bases can be found right in the heart of the nation's capital, Seoul.

Second, as a nation emerging from a semi-feudal past, South Vietnam contained a wide variety of unassimilated racial, cultural, and religious groups. Under constant fire from revolutionary terrorist tactics, the people of South Vietnam were never able to achieve a cohesive national identity. In contrast, South Korea contains a racially homogeneous, culturally unified people, with a high level of education. South Koreans have a clear sense of national unity, which has been reinforced by the experience of the North Korean invasion, and by the continuing threat of a new one.

The third difference is that South Vietnam was unable even to achieve its modest economic goal of developing light industry—largely because of the Communists' destructive tactics. With its political stability and absence of terrorism, South Korea has not only developed its infrastructure, but has burst into the ranks of the world's semi-industrialized nations. An emphasis on heavy industries, such as technologically advanced steel mills, shipyards, and petrochemical plants, combined with numerous light industries, such as electronic components and textiles, has enabled South Korea to raise its annual per capita income from $81 in 1962 to over $500 in 1975. Over that same period exports have increased in value from a paltry $1.3 million to an impressive $4.7 billion. The recent discovery of what appears to be commercially exploitable oil may significantly lessen South Korea's dependence on imported oil.

Fourth, in attempting to defend South Vietnam, the United States received only *pro forma* support—if that—from its allies (one notable exception being South Korea). By contrast, the

*W. Bruce Weinrod has recently visited South Korea.*



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American commitment to defend South Korea appears to have a fairly high degree of support from our allies. Japan, which hardly bestirred itself about the fate of South Vietnam, has by word and deed indicated its backing for the U.S. role in South Korea. In particular, the Japanese defense minister recently declared that the U.S. could use its Japanese bases for defending South Korea. At least partly because of its growing economic strength, South Korea itself is significantly better off internationally than was South Vietnam. South Korea's growing trade with Western Europe and especially with Middle Eastern nations (including over $1 billion in already committed construction contracts) have solidified a perception of South Korea as a permanent and legitimate actor in international politics. Also of more than passing interest are recent persistent reports that the Communist Chinese are privately urging the United States to remain in South Korea. In view of Pyongyang's orientation toward the Soviet Union and the spreading Russian influence in Indochina, these reports take on added credibility.

Finally, there was always a certain air of ambiguity about the origins and dimensions of our commitment in Vietnam. The U.S. commitment to the defense of South Korea is clearly spelled out in a mutual defense treaty, overwhelmingly ratified by the Senate in 1952. Moreover, unlike Vietnam, there are well-defined lines of battle in Korea. Thus, any future Korean conflict would most probably not have the perceived ambiguities that so perplexed many American liberals concerning Vietnam. The view that a future Korean conflict will be conventional in nature is confirmed by the complete ineffectiveness of North Korean terrorist infiltrators in the South, as well as by the current American battle plan, which calls for a swift and overwhelming response by U.S. air power to any North Korean assault, including the possible use of tactical nuclear weapons if necessary.

Aside from the fear of a Vietnam-like war, the critics of our Korean commitments seem most concerned about our supporting what they consider a repressive regime. There is no question that the Park government is authoritarian. For instance, citizens are forbidden by law from criticizing the government in conversation with foreigners, and it is a crime to advocate repeal of the constitution, or to broadcast or publish any news report of opposition to the constitution. Further, it is generally acknowledged that the government keeps a very close watch on the universities, churches, and other independent institutions. The government's authoritarianism could cause problems in the future, especially in view of the fact that the current South Korean political structure contains no mechanism for the peaceful transition of power.

Yet an authoritarian regime is not the same thing as a totalitarian regime, and one of the major failures of many critics of our Korean policy is their inability to distinguish between the two. South Korea maintains freedom of religion, of travel, of work, and of association. There is an active opposition party and a quasi-free market economy, and, although the press is watched and occasionally censored, it remains in private hands. Moreover, South Korea is open to Western political influences on questions of democracy and human rights. For instance, in August 1974, Park abrogated earlier proclaimed strict Emergency Decrees after pressure from the U.S.; and in February 1975, the government released 148 prisoners who had been arrested in 1974 for opposing the government.

North Korea, by contrast, is a rigid, closed society, with no institutional barriers between the individual and the state, and no chance of any humanizing influences from the West. As Robert A. Scalapino and C.-S. Lee noted in their authoritative study, *Communism in Korea* (University of California Press, 1972), "there are few more rigorous police states in the contemporary world...travel, communications, political activities of all kinds, even thought, are controlled by the state to the maximum possible extent....North Korea has completely extinguished privatism." The North, in other words, is a very model of totalitarianism.

What is more, the North Koreans clearly intend to extend their police state to the South. As the recent murders indicate, a fragile armistice is all that separates the two sides. At the DMZ dividing the two Koreas one feels an explosive tension, and the smoldering hostility of the North Korean soldiers almost makes one believe that the last battle of the Korean War was fought only an hour ago. The North has deployed over 60% of its military strength near the DMZ, which is only 25 miles from Seoul. North Korean jet bombers could hit the capital, a city of 6 million, in less than two minutes after takeoff. The South Koreans are acutely aware of their vulnerability to a Northern blitzkrieg, and their concern has been heightened by the recent discovery of huge North Korean tunnels under the DMZ, the purpose of which was most probably not the facilitation of cultural interchanges.

North Korea's public belligerency continues apace. Along with a continuing buildup along the DMZ, the North's official pronouncements are filled with outrageously dogmatic statements such as the vow to "smash the military fascist dictatorship of the puppet clique—the faithful dual stooges of U.S. imperialism and Japanese militarism." After the fall of Indochina, North Korea's Kim Il-Sung visited Peking and Moscow to seek support for a renewed invasion of the South—underscoring the seriousness of such threats.

So long as Kim Il-Sung remains in power in North Korea, it is totally unrealistic to expect the North to abandon its goal of forcibly reunifying the Korean Peninsula under totalitarian Communism. Perhaps a new generation of leaders will be prepared to negotiate a German-type settlement, or even peaceful reunification—although much will depend upon their perception of the strength and will of the United States, and of the potential support from China and the Soviet Union. But until the current generation of leaders leaves the scene, over 400,000 North Korean troops will remain poised near the border, ready to strike at any sign of weakness.

Therefore, the real issue in the debate over Korea becomes, not whether this or that specific modification of our military support level should be made, but whether the United States should lessen or end its steadfast support for South Korea without any *quid pro quo* from North Korea or the Communist world, or before the South has had the chance to achieve economic and military self-sufficiency—a goal it can definitely achieve. Should the United States abandon South Korea, then we will have truly entered a new phase in the history of our foreign policy; a phase in which no friend or ally of the United States could be certain of our support, especially if its domestic procedures or actions do not meet absolutist standards of civil liberties. Such an eventuality may be inevitable given present intellectual and political trends within the United States, but it holds ominous implications for the future strength of Western civilization in a hostile world. □

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# *Christmas Book Recommendations*

*We offer here gift suggestions from some of the authors whose writings would top our own list of recommendations. In doing so, we hope to provide not only useful advice, but also some insight into the workings and frolics of eighteen extraordinary minds.*

ROBERT L. BARTLEY
*Editorial Page Editor,*
The Wall Street Journal.

Five books for reading at Christmas or otherwise:

George Orwell: *Homage to Catalonia*, to understand that intellectual disillusion with the left is nothing new.

Edmund Burke: *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, ditto. (Since this is not a full book, it should be read in conjunction with Robert A. Nisbet, "Rousseau and the Political Community" in his collection, *Tradition & Revolt*.)

Gilbert Murray: *Four Stages of Greek Religion*, to understand that a whole civilization can suffer a "failure of nerve."

And on more contemporary problems:

Marguerite Higgins: *Our Vietnam Nightmare*, to understand what really went wrong, and why *The Best and the Brightest*, etc., etc., had to be written to obscure history.

Norman B. Ture: *Tax Policy, Capital Formation and Productivity* (1973), to understand America's most pressing immediate problem.

JACQUES BARZUN
*Professor Emeritus, Columbia University; literary advisor to Charles Scribner's Sons; Author of* The House of Intellect; Classic, Romantic, and Modern; *and* The Use and Abuse of Art.

Delicacy linked with power is rare in fiction at any time and today more than ever. That is why I suggest reading the novels—six of them—written a quarter-century ago by the late Anne Goodwin Winslow, a New Englander transplanted to the South and widely travelled besides. Begin with *It Was Like This* (1949) or *A Quiet Neighborhood* (1947).

Then modulate to the short study, *The Harried Leisure Class* (1970), by the Swedish economist and member of parliament Staffan B. Linder. He explains in his own excellent English why in proportion to our help from gadgets and machines those of us from whose calm contemplation the world might conceivably benefit are driven like squirrels in a wheelcage.

For insight into another department of our unsatisfactory existense, turn to Theodore Caplow's definitive statement of the reasons why programs of social betterment fail of their object and waste our money. *Toward Social Hope* (1975) is again a small book. It combines trenchant description with brilliant historical judgments and establishes the indispensable criteria for assessing and managing social undertakings, from the war on poverty to the avoidance of war itself. Caplow, as his other works demonstrate, is unique among sociologists in being a highly cultivated mind and a superb writer—witness the chapter in *Two Against One* (1968) where he applies to *Hamlet* his understanding of human alliances.

I call him unique, because I want to claim Robert Nisbet as an historian, despite his willingness to consort with sociologists and to be known as one of them. In any event, his most recent essay, *Sociology as an Art Form* (1976), shows his critical and historical powers in brief compass; the reader will probably be too busy thinking to bother about classifying the author.

After those short and suggestive works, all of them philosophical in the true sense, I would urge the reading of Jonathan Goodman on *The Killing of Julia Wallace* (1976). He reconstructs with consummate skill the best unsolved murder of our century—best, because it is as full of clues and limiting factors as any contrived tale, because the large cast of characters (including the police and the law men) is remarkable, and because the case has aroused conflicting passions in the notable literature published about it during the last forty years. Mr. Goodman, I may say with confidence, has produced the classic account: thorough but never tedious, scholarly yet original, vivid though sober in tone—altogether satisfying as history and entertainment.

ROBERT N. BELLAH
*Chairman, Center for Japanese and Korean Studies, University of California, Berkeley; Author of* Beyond Belief *and editor (with William G. McLoughlin) of* Religion in America.

Perhaps the finest preaching of the twentieth century is contained in the three volumes of sermons by Paul Tillich: *The Shaking of the Foundations*, *The New Being*, and *The Eternal Now*.

Thomas Hobbes' *Leviathan*, though brilliant and deeply instructive about the modern mind, should be read as an example of how not to do social science.

Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* should be read as an example of how social science should be done.

SAUL BELLOW
*Professor of English in the Committee on Social Thought, University of Chicago; Author of* Herzog, Humboldt's Gift, *and, just published,* To Jerusalem and Back; *Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, 1976.*

Let's see now—I have been reading Stendhal's *Lucien Leuwen* and Onians' *Origins of European Thought* and a dozen more books per week.

RONALD BERMAN
*Chairman, National Endowment for the Humanities; Author of* America in the Sixties: An Intellectual History *and editor of* Twentieth Century Interpretations of Henry the Fifth.

I recommend these not because they are the best in their particular field (although some are) but because they open up a field or summarize an historical period. Werner Jaeger's *Paedeia* is the classic work on Greek civilization as it was apprehended through literature and philosophy. Will Durant's *Renaissance* is one of the volumes in his *History of Civilization*, a readable synthesis of the great modern centuries of Italy. Durant sees history in terms of personality and leaves out things like economics or diplomacy that concern current historians; but it is a splendid



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show. The best introduction to the subject is Douglas Bush's *English Literature in the Earlier 17th Century*; perhaps the greatest volume in the *Oxford History of Literature*. Finally *Charles Dickens* by Edgar Johnson is about the man and one of the great periods of the expanding West.

### HUNTINGTON CAIRNS

*Former general counsel to the National Gallery of Art; Author (with Allen Tate and Mark Van Doren) of* Invitation to Learning, *editor of* The Limits of Art *and (with Edith Hamilton)* Plato: The Collected Dialogues. *Mr. Cairns is presently writing a book on Shakespeare.*

*The Elements*, by Euclid. Every man has this in his library, and if he doesn't he should. The most influential book ever published in the West, apart from the Bible. It taught the West scientific method.

*The Days of H.L. Mencken*. An autobiography that is on its way to becoming a classic.

*Persons and Places*, by George Santayana. A self-portrait by a civilized man who sought to find the answers to the chief problems facing the individual: to grasp the nature of the world and the nature of the good life.

*Understanding Oriental Philosophy*, by James K. Feibleman. This is a view of Oriental thought that the Westerner will find illuminating.

*The Republic*, by Plato. Inexhaustible and relevant. There are glances at the most important discovery ever made in philosophy, his theory of ideas.

### BYRUM CARTER

*Professor of Political Science and former Chancellor, Indiana University; Author,* The Office of Prime Minister.

*History of the Peloponnesian War*, by Thucydides. Still the best single work on international politics as well as the most perceptive treatment available of what happens when class interest replaces the public interest within the polity.

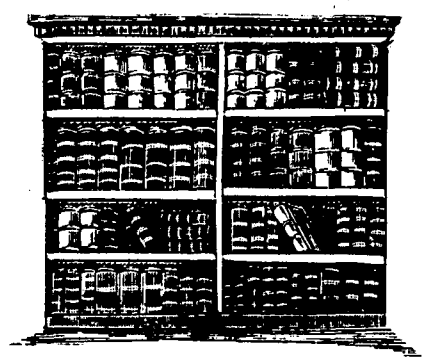
*Democracy and Poetry*, by Robert Penn Warren. For its hard-headed treatment of the "self" in American life, an exposition to contrast with contemporary pseudo-psychological efforts at self-discovery.

*The Americans: A Social History of The United States, 1587-1914*, by J.C. Furnas. A wide ranging treatment of the non-political aspects of life in the development of American society. It may lead us to wonder, however much we may respect our ancestors, if we would want to invite them to dinner.

### JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

*Syndicated columnist, King Features Syndicate; Author of* The Enterprising Americans *and* Farewell to Reform.

The most interesting literary project of this bicentennial period is Otto Scott's biographical recreation of the fools of history —assorted jackasses, if you like—who have had such a malign effect both in their lifetimes and beyond. His *Robespierre: The Voice of Virtue* goes deep into the troubles that ensue when the majority of a nation tries to equate freedom and equality. His *James I* deals, not with the tyranny that comes when a majority is unchecked, but with the Stuart fool who tried to impose imperial thought control on England and Scotland. James Stuart had a great tutor, George Buchanan, whose Madisonian theories of the separation of church and state might have saved England from revolution if James had not been perverse in every way. (James was a homosexual who considered he was above any law and custom. He confused statecraft with ministering to his own comforts.) Unfortunately Buchanan wrote in Latin,



and his influence faded long before Locke and Burke revived his thinking. Scott is currently working on his "third fool" biography, which will bring Woodrow Wilson to the bar of justice for believing, quite sincerely, that the Seychelles Islands could be the equal of Britain or America in a world parliament.

The fools of history are still with us. For their contemporary manifestation see Robert Moss's *The Collapse of Democracy*. Moss, the foreign editor of the London *Economist*, beats his brains out in the forlorn hope of persuading people that democracy is as democracy does. Communists and their crypto friends are all for it until they get power—and pouf! it goes. Moss has seen it happen in Nazi Germany and in post-World War II Prague, two places where pseudo-legality put the levers of government in the hands of totalitarians. He saw it almost happen in Chile and in Portugal. The moral: never give a Marxist a break when he comes talking about democracy. Political systems, when manipulated even by properly elected revolutionary governments, no longer provide the means for mediating and containing fundamental conflicts. There is, in short, no peaceful road to socialism.

Another first-rate book for 1976—and for years to come—is George Nash's *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945*. But others will tell you of this.

I got a slow start on Fernand Braudel's *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II*. I have taken a firm oath to live until ninety so I can finish it. And I've discovered Washington Irving as the chronicler of the spread of Mohammedanism from India to the Pyrenees. The tides come in, the tides go out. Too bad that is not the end of it.

### PETER F. DRUCKER

*Clarke Professor of Social Science and Management, Claremont University; Author of* The Age of Discontinuity, The End of Economic Man, *and* The Practice of Management.

*The Last European War*; John Lukacs. This has been called a "revisionist" history of the Hitler years—it is something more important; and above all it is much more. It is a successful attempt to report and analyze the crucial years before Pearl Harbor, without the ideological blinkers that characterize much of the writings about the period. Lukacs has the great advantage of not having been an adult during that period, so that he can look at it as a historian—as against, for instance, my attempt to do the same job in my book *The End of Economic Man* (which was written in 1938 and published in 1939 and, therefore, is "eyewitness" rather than "history"). At the same time, Lukacs is free from the burden of "proving" the "liberal" or the "conservative" position. And the picture of these years that emerges is a truly different one from the conventional wisdom—a frightening one, a sobering one, a deeply convincing one. The book is too long—but even the over-long chapters, e.g. the last one, are worth reading, and worth reading carefully.

*Conservatism in America*; Clinton Rossiter. This book repays re-reading, especially in this election year—for it invokes the very best in the American tradition and gives hope in the fundamental sanity and strength of the Republic. I re-read it after listening to the first Ford-Carter debate—and I found it the best antidote to cant, vulgarity, and jargon. It is far more than a book about "conservatism in America." It is a book about the traits that make—or at least made—America unique and capable of surviving. It is also beautifully written.

*The Sea Change; The Migration of Social Thought 1930-1965*; H. Stuart Hughes. In contrast to Rossiter's book, Hughes thinks in jargon and writes in jargon—but this fits his subject admirably. For his subject is the migration of the assorted sociologists, psychoanalysts, and nihilists from Europe to the United States, and their impact on American social thought, or at least social jargon. Hughes never raises the question why the witch doctors had such impact.



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More seriously perhaps, he leaves out the equally important "migration," that of Europeans who, as a result of their exposure to America, became better thinkers, cleaner thinkers, and more responsible. He touches upon this in a discussion of Paul Tillich—surely the most ambivalent of the group—but then drops the subject. Still, for anybody who wants to understand the inundation of America's own tradition of social thought by what can only be called the "second wave of pseudo-puritanism," this is an important book—both for what Professor Hughes (formerly at Harvard and now at University of California at San Diego) sees, and what he fails to see.

*Bleak House*; Charles Dickens. There is more sex, more violence, and above all more social protest in *Bleak House* than in any of the literary pastrami sandwiches the New York "literary establishment" now churns out for the best-seller list. *Bleak House* surely gives the lie to all the conventional ideas about the "Victorian Age"—but there is also love in *Bleak House*, and courage; compassion and truth; decency, suffering, and redemption. Above all, there are people in it. This, the critics rightly say, is not Dickens' "best" novel, in terms of literary craftmanship, plot, structure, or planning. But it for me is his most moving one, and the one that will stay longest in the reader's mind. There is no "hero"; and the only "villain" is the legal system (which, by the way, *Bleak House* succeeded in reforming). But there is laughter there and tears; despair, hope, and survival. However flawed technically, this is the finest novel about the human condition.

*Emma*; Jane Austen. Don't read women's lib—read *Emma*.

JAMES T. FARRELL
*Author of* The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan. *Mr. Farrell's fiftieth book,* The Dunne Family, *was published in October by Doubleday.*

*Indonesia; An Underdeveloped Freedom* by Sal Tas. This study contains a concise political and historical account of Indonesia, an incisive analysis of the role of the Chinese in that country, and a brilliant treatment of the contemporary problems of the process of decolonization; it is a book full of political lessons for serious persons, East and West.

*The American Irish* by William V. Shannon. For those who want to understand the Irish in America, rather than to hate them, or regard them as clowns, this book is basic.

*The Gulag Archipelago* by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. An overpowering, overwhelming account of the disastrous human consequences of the war that the leaders of the Soviet Union have carried on against the Soviet people for years.

*The Russians* by Hedrick Smith. All Russia is divided into three environments, that of the Gulag Archipelago, that of the people, and that of the elite who live, dine, and wine off the people. Hedrick Smith's account of the second and third of these environments is as depressingly accurate as it is remarkable. He is so fine a journalist that I fail to understand how it is that some of the frauds and fakers, who today call themselves journalists, have not had him blackballed, blacklisted, and thrown out of the union.

*The Dodgers* by Tommy Holmes. The last book by one of America's few great baseball writers of the last several decades; the story of the Dodgers in Brooklyn and Los Angeles.

*Evolution and the Founders of Pragmatism* by Philip P. Wiener. This book is full of masterfully handled erudition concerning the New England thinkers who were influenced by Darwin's conclusions about evolution, and who, in turn, prepared the ground and laid some of the foundation stones for the development of the philosophical tendency of pragmatism or instrumentalism associated with the names of Pierce, James, Dewey, and Mead.

*The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science* by E.A. Burtt. A philosophical classic, well-written, astonishingly packed with information and erudition, which deals with the bedeviling problem of epistemology, and the development of modern science from Copernicus to Newton in relationship to this problem. It will help many to learn how much they don't know, and how poorly they think.

JOHN HOSPERS
*Professor of Philosophy, University of Southern California; 1972 Libertarian Party Candidate for U.S. President; Author of* Libertarianism, Introduction to Philosophical Analysis, Human Conduct, *and* Artistic Expression.

*Law, Legislation, and Liberty* by F.A. Hayek. (Two of the three volumes have appeared.) An excellent statement of the kind of government we must have, and the limits of its power, if we are to avoid the totalitarian state. A worthy successor to his earlier *The Constitution of Liberty*.

*Omnipotent Government* by Ludwig von Mises, a systematic and historical analysis of how governments become total, particularly through paternalism and the welfare state, often against the will of the people (who failed to see what was happening). The revealing chapter on the rise of Nazi Germany and its origins in Bismarck's welfare state is alone worth the price of the book. Together with *Bureaucracy* and *Socialism*, this is the most readable of Mises' important books.

*The Lady and the Tycoon* by Rose Wilder Lane (ed. Roger Lea MacBride), a series of informal letters (never intended for publication) by one of the great champions of liberty in America—posthumously published letters on every conceivable subject, but especially on political philosophy and history; wise, scintillating, immensely provocative and even profound, but always beautifully readable, and a fascinating revelation of the mind of one of America's most remarkable women. A fitting successor to her great *The Discovery of Freedom*.

*Gamalis and Other Stories* by Vladimir Andreyev. Assuming that everyone has read by now Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*, one will find this series of true historical accounts (presented in fictional form) of incidents in the Gulag, by an eyewitness who was a KGB officer at the time and later defected, to be one of the most absorbing and horrifying reminders of what the Gulag was and is. An excellent supplement to Solzhenitsyn's more ambitious work.

*The Royal Game and Other Stories* by Stefan Zweig. For dramatic and suspenseful fiction, for high drama and incisive and profound characterization, for tightly knit structure and narrative power with a hundred thousand volts of electricity, there is still nothing like the fiction of Stefan Zweig. The reading of only a few pages is enough to convince one that Zweig outclasses almost every other story-writer of the twentieth century; one only wishes he had lived to write more. This volume is currently out of print, but is well worth searching for.

HUGH KENNER
*Andrew W. Mellon Professor of the Humanities, The Johns Hopkins University;*
*Author of* The Pound Era, A Homemade World, *and* Geodesic Math.

*The Third Policeman*, by Flann O'Brien. A novel which incorporates a design for a universe as radically unsatisfactory as the author in his blacker moods felt this one to be, but with its logic somewhat closer to the surface.

*Ulysses*, by James Joyce. Two things grow clear as this book enters its sixth decade: it presents us with new aspects of interest approximately every ten years, and it has displaced *Paradise Lost* as the book which all subsequent books in English take for granted.

*Growth and Form*, by D'Arcy W. Thompson (2 vols.). Why living things have the shape and structure they have; by implication, a splendidly idiosyncratic book about how physical creation hangs together.

*Discretions*, by Mary de Rachewiltz. The artful, moving recollections of a girl whose growing up consisted in discovering what it meant to be Ezra Pound's daughter.

*All*, by Louis Zukofsky. A lifetime's collected short poems.

Strange
To reach that age,
remember
a tide



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And full
for a time
be young.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM
*Editor,* Harper's Magazine.

As a defense against the transience of the news and as a reminder of what I'm supposed to be looking for in the clutter of unsolicited manuscripts, I have taken to reading writers of established reputation. For the last year or so I have been reading French writers, possibly because I admire their lack of sentimentality. When traveling among politicians or custodians of the American conscience, I bring with me at least one of the following volumes, all of them available in the Penguin Classics and all of them contemporary with last week's momentous event in Washington or New York:
Montaigne, *Essays*
Denis Diderot, *Rameau's Nephew*
Voltaire, *Philosophical Dictionary*
Balzac, *Lost Illusions*
Flaubert, *Sentimental Education*.

MARTIN E. MARTY
*Professor, The University of Chicago;*
*Associate Editor,* The Christian Century;
*Author of* A Nation of Behavers.

*World of Our Fathers*, by Irving Howe, hardly needs more publicity than it received. But Howe's portrayal of the life of Jewish immigrants to American cities opened for many of us *goyim* a window on a mysterious and remote world.

*Atlas of Early American History: The Revolutionary Era 1760-1790*, edited by Lester J. Cappon, Barbara Bartz Petchenik and John H. Long, is a magnificent achievement; the price goes from $100 to $125 after Christmas, so recommendations at this time are appropriate. By the way, in this day of overpriced books, this one is not overpriced considering the effort and value of the product.

*Man and His Circumstances: Ortega as Educator*, by Robert McClintock. This hefty (648 page) introduction to the main Ortegan themes did not receive the notice it deserved five years ago. Ortega was more than a *Revolt of the Masses*-man, and McClintock points to his many worlds.

LEWIS MUMFORD
*Author of* Technics and Civilization, The City in History, *and* The Myth of the Machine.

I am always a poor target for your kind of inquiry. Too many books have influenced me and delighted me. The only outstanding book—or books—is the ten-volume edition, somewhat bowdlerized, alas! of Emerson's *Journals*. Since 1950 or so I've possessed those volumes, though I began reading them in the Central Library on 42nd back in 1916; and each year I find passages that none of his biographers has ever properly noted—which wipe out the standard portrait of Emerson, the benign optimist, the unworldly transcendentalist.

MICHAEL NOVAK
*Professor of Religion, University of Syracuse;*
*Author of* The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics, Experience of Nothingness, *and* The Joy of Sports.

Along the way, some books were milestones to me, just when I needed them. Denis de Rougemont's *Love in the Western World* taught me to recognize—in myself, first of all—a peculiar Western moralism that would prefer to die for impossible ideals, rather than to accept the world of flesh and blood, in realism and in love. This peculiar mythic structure in the Western mind is exceedingly potent nowadays; one sees its power in the movies (*Bonnie and Clyde*), in politics (left and right wing politics), and in a dozen new religious gnosticisms (human potential, est, etc.) This myth is deep, tenacious, and difficult to exorcise. It relents only after death, so great is our longing for escape from flesh, and concrete reality, and imperfection.

Another favorite is Nicholas Berdayaev's *Dostoevsky*.

Another, Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*—that premature Christ who involves self and others in destruction, with the sweetest and most innocent of motives.

Another, Jacques Maritain's *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*, not so much for what it says about art, as for what it says about the pre-verbal workings of intelligence.

Finally, my favorite philosophical work, Bernard Lonergan's *Insight: A Study of Human Understanding*—difficult, abstruse, but liberating. It taught me how to watch my own mind at work, and help it gain some little power over me, and me over it. A remarkable exercise for the willing reader, exhilarating, healing.

NORMAN PODHORETZ
*Editor,* Commentary;
*Author of* Making It.

The best old book I have read all year is


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Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, the best relatively new book I have read all year is Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, and the best recently published book I have read all year is Saul Bellow's *To Jerusalem and Back*.

GEORGE F. WILL
*Syndicated columnist,*
Washington Post *and* Newsweek.

DeGaulle's *Memoirs*. This is a good year in which to be reminded that subtle people have their place in democratic government.

Walter Berns, *The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy* (just out). One of the few exceptions to my (and Emerson's) rule not to read a book that has not been out for more than a year.

Cecil Driver, *Tory Radical: The Life of Richard Oastler*. An examination of an especially noble conservatism.

George Eliot, *Middlemarch*. A serious masterpiece that is good for the soul.

P.G. Wodehouse, *Uncle Fred in the Springtime*. Proof that a masterpiece need not be serious. □

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BOOK REVIEW

*The Growth of American Government: A Morphology of the Welfare State*
Roger A. Freeman / Hoover Institution Press / $8.95

George H. Nash

When Herbert Hoover left the Presidency in 1933, the federal budget was less than five billion dollars. Today it is eighty times higher. In 1932, while President Hoover was still in office, total governmental expenditures (at all levels) comprised less than 20% of the Gross National Product. Today the figure approaches 40% and does not cease to climb. Since 1900 public spending in the United States has increased more than 239 times. In 1976 the federal deficit alone will be at least ten times greater than the entire federal budget during Herbert Hoover's final year as chief executive.

What has happened? Roger Freeman—Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution, adviser to Presidents, and authority on public finance—believes that the United States has witnessed "nothing less than a revolution in the nature of government" during the last twenty-five years. In the middle decades of the twentieth century, America has seen the explosive emergence of the welfare state—probably "the most significant governmental development of its time." In a book laden with charts, tables, and fascinating statistics, Freeman examines this phenomenon, its consequences, and implications.

Freeman begins by refuting a plausible but erroneous notion: that the federal bureaucracy and its expenditures have been expanding at an unusual rate in the past quarter of a century. Surprisingly enough, this has not been the case: federal spending and employment have not been exceeding the growth of the nation's economy since 1952. Instead, the truly noteworthy proliferation of government since the Korean War has occurred among states and localities. But if, as Freeman states, "the growth of government as such" has *not* been the significant transformation of recent times, what, then, constitutes the "revolution"? To Freeman the "overpowering fact" for 1952-1972 has been a monumental change in the *nature* of governmental activity, particularly at the federal level: a "sudden and unprecedented explosion" of programs and expenditures for domestic social purposes.

Freeman amasses a startling array of statistics to document his case. In 1952 the federal government already disbursed 13.4 billion dollars for domestic services; since then this figure has increased more than *ten times*. In 1969 federal domestic expenditures reached $72 billion—180 years after George Washington became President. It took only six more years for this already gigantic figure to double. In fact, Freeman observes, federal domestic spending actually increased more than fifty percent faster in the first term of President Nixon than in the comparable periods under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. If one includes the expenditures of all levels of government, the figures become even more astonishing. Between 1952 and 1972 governmental outlays for education rose 705%, for social services and public welfare 1169%. No wonder Freeman concludes that a "revolution" in public spending has transpired and that "the nature of the federal government underwent its most significant change ever between 1952 and 1972." In this year of the Bicentennial, America faces an arresting fact: "social services and income distribution" have become "the core function of the United States government."

How has this enormous reorientation of government been financed? Freeman demonstrates that the aggrandizement of domestic social programs has largely taken place at the expense of appropriations for national defense. Far from painting a Galbraithean picture of social service deprivation at the hands of a bloated Pentagon, Freeman reveals that the opposite would be a more accurate portrayal. Between 1952 and 1972 the portion of the federal budget allocated to defense was reduced by one-half, while the portion devoted to domestic services tripled. The share of the Gross National Product expended for national defense and international relations has declined steeply from 14.3% in 1952 to less than 7% today —the lowest level since the 1930s. Freeman notes that in just twenty years (1952 to 1972) the expenditures of all levels of government in the United States surged upward by a staggering 277 billion dollars. Less than one-eighth of this increase went to national defense; domestic services took nearly all of the rest. In 1952, at the height of the Korean War, defense spending accounted for two-thirds of the federal budget. Twenty years later, even during the extremely costly Vietnam War, defense spending had plummeted to less than one-third, while domestic services had grown to more than one-half. How many critics of the supposedly insatiable "military-industrial complex" realize that the annual budget of the Department of HEW now substantially exceeds the budget of the Department of Defense?

In the course of analyzing recent trends in government spending, Freeman scrutinizes America's system of collecting public revenues as well. It is appropriate that he do so, for governmental taxation, like governmental expenditures, now approximates a remarkable 40% of the GNP. In an election year replete with cries about tax reform, Freeman's discussion of this topic is apt and instructive. He observes, for example, that despite all the inveighing against tax "loopholes," most tax-free income in the United States resides in the

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*George H. Nash, author of* The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945, *is currently writing a biography of Herbert Hoover.*



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lower brackets, not the higher. In an age increasingly suspicious of giant corporations, Freeman boldly condemns the corporate profits tax as "probably the most economically damaging tax in our system." Noting that the United States already imposes a higher corporate profits tax than any other nation, he contends that this levy—politically popular though it may be—"punishes the efficient producer, restricts industrial expansion, penalizes capital formation, and adversely affects our competitiveness in international trade." Moreover, Freeman observes that among industrial states the American tax system actually ranks first in its discouragement of capital formation and encouragement of consumption—all "in a determined attempt to redistribute income." These are provocative remarks indeed—words which challenge the "conventional wisdom" of our public discourse.

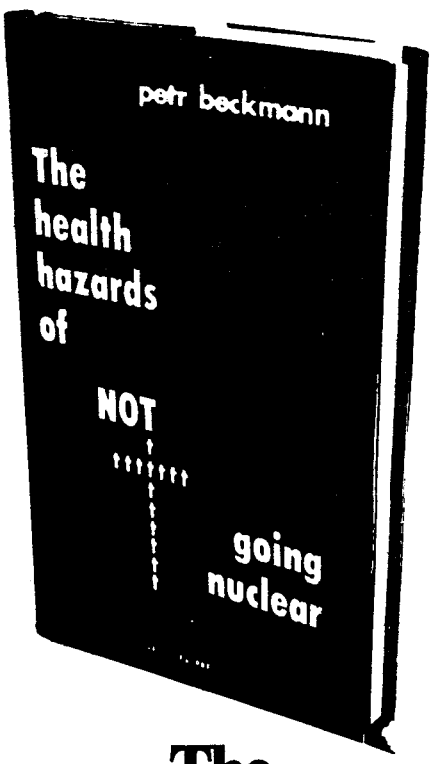
Yet Freeman's book is more than a chronicle of the "growth of American government" and more than a critique (from a conservative perspective) of our tax system. After all, if the expansion of government in mid-century had been matched by an improvement in the *efficacy* of government, few Americans would care about Freeman's statistics. It is therefore one of the merits of Freeman's book that he investigates not merely trends but results. Today there is one American on a government payroll for every four persons in private industry. Moreover, one American out of every four currently "obtains his livelihood," in Freeman's words, "through *workless* pay from the various social welfare programs." To what purpose? With what effect? What have been the consequences of the staggering dispersal of public funds and the elephantiasis of the welfare state?

With customary candor Freeman supplies the answer. "The spectacular expansion of governmental activities" since 1952, he writes, "has not produced the promised and hoped-for results." In fact, it has often proven "counter-productive" and has exacerbated the very problems it was supposed to cure. Time and again, in program after program, Great Society liberalism has failed. The Aid for Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), for instance, has been "a nightmare and a plague on the body politic." Since 1952 the number of AFDC recipients has increased more than five times—from two million to eleven million—and AFDC has become "a major nutrient in the breeding grounds of...social ills," a "cancer on society, planted and nursed by the federal government...." In the field of housing and urban renewal, the federal government between 1948 and 1968 destroyed 3.5 times as many units as it built, yet still the program continued. In the area of energy policy, Freeman reports that it was federal actions, not the alleged iniquities of private industry, which have primarily caused the current crisis: "Regulation of the natural gas price at artificially low levels for the past twenty years stimulated expanded consumption of (and conversion to) gas while discouraging exploration and production." Freeman would probably enjoy an exposure of the fallacies of our energy policy offered some months ago by the governor of Oklahoma. Suppose, said the governor, that we regulated chocolate candy in the same way we have regulated natural gas. Suppose that the federal government simply decreed that chocolates would henceforth cost a mere penny a piece, and no more. There would soon be a national shortage of chocolates.

At which point, one might add, someone would probably propose the nationalization of chocolate factories.

Nor does education escape Freeman's careful and critical scrutiny. Between 1952 and 1972 public expenditures on education expanded an incredible *eight times*—four times faster than enrollments. And yet, to this day, Freeman declares, "the existence of a relationship between the magnitude of expenditures and educational quality" has not been established. Indeed, "the evidence is overwhelming that there is little if any cost-quality relationship in the schools." Year after year money allocated per pupil has increased, while "learning achievements" (as measured, for example, by college board test scores) have been declining alarmingly. Since 1965 the federal government has spent over ten billion dollars on compensatory education programs; the results, says Freeman, have been negligible. Nevertheless, year after year demands for more money for the "impoverished" educational sector grow ever more importunate, even while education has already surpassed every other sphere of governmental expenditure.

Meanwhile, Freeman remarks, the United States has become "the most crime-ridden country in the world." While the number of individuals below the poverty line has markedly diminished in the last fifteen years, crime (often said to be caused by poverty) has nevertheless soared. Outlays for income maintenance and education have reached astronomical heights, yet crime, family disintegration, and delinquency accelerate. Between 1964 and 1972, in just eight years, federal expenditures for domestic services multiplied an astounding *three times* (from 45 to 131 *billion* dollars). Yet these were eight of the most turbulent years of our history. One could continue, but the thrust of Freeman's argument is clear: the idea that sheer indiscriminate expenditure of tax dollars will solve domestic social problems is a myth. "Increased input," Freeman observes, "does not yield a greater output from a certain point on...." In fact, "there is a law of diminishing returns in social programs...." To those who implore us to "reorder our priorities," Freeman would reply that we have already done so. We have seen the welfare state, and it doesn't work. →


**The Health Hazards of NOT Going Nuclear**

By Petr Beckmann (University of Colorado)
Fellow of the IEEE
Editor and Publisher of *Access to Energy*

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* * *

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Even more disturbing than Freeman's catalogue of failures is his analysis of the impact of the welfare state on national preparedness. The evidence that he presents is disconcertingly ominous. Since 1952 the proportion of national resources allocated to defense has been cut in half. It is true that in the twenty years since 1952 governmental outlays for defense increased 68%, but much of this expansion, particularly in recent years, has been absorbed by salary increases and retirement benefits. Meanwhile, in this same period, governmental expenditures for domestic services multiplied by 645%. And while the United States has been undertaking domestic experiments of stunning magnitude, there has occurred, in Freeman's words, "a decisive shift in the balance of military power." With relentless determination the Soviet Union is advancing toward what Freeman succinctly calls "decisive military superiority." For the Cold War is not over; it is merely "conducted less obtrusively." Freeman's words were written over a year ago, but they acquire new resonance almost daily. While the federal government has become enmeshed in "uncontrollable" social programs, its fundamental responsibility for the common defense seems increasingly unmet. In the summer of 1976, Lord Chalmont wrote that "the nuclear balance...is being demolished before our very eyes...." Almost simultaneously the Foreign Report of the *Economist* predicted that the USSR will attain strategic superiority over the United States within six *months*. Such solemn contentions by highly respected observers add a profoundly sobering dimension to Freeman's study of the growth of American government.

The implications of the burgeoning welfare state extend beyond the realm of success or failure for particular social policies. What, Freeman wonders, are the prospects for a republic in which government extracts from the individual an increasing portion of his resources and thus his ability to order his own life? What will be the ultimate consequence of the extraordinary restructuring of our federal system since the 1950s? In 1952 federal grants-in-aid amounted to less than three billion dollars. In the twenty-four years since then they have multiplied twenty times. The result, says Freeman, has been the creation of "a vertical functional autocracy which supersedes the self-government of local communities." In a word, "the substance of self-government has been drained. In Freeman's judgment, the impact of the welfare state on individual freedom has been "direct and negative." Whether the benefits of governmental spending will someday compensate us for these losses is an "open question."

But before one can predict the future, one must understand the past. Who has initiated and sponsored the "revolution" in government during the past few decades? Like most conservative scholars since World War II, Freeman believes that "ideas have consequences" and emphasizes the role of intellectuals in promoting social change. It was the youthful intellectuals of the Great Depression, he states, who decisively influenced public opinion and policymaking a generation later. Freeman particularly stresses the importance of John Kenneth Galbraith's book *The Affluent Society*, published in 1958. Above all, he attributes the reorientation of governmental expenditures since the 1950s to the ascendancy of a view of politics which regards the redistribution of wealth as the principal purpose of government. According to the proponents of this theory—the theory of the welfare state—a producer has no inalienable right to the goods he has produced; there is no indissoluble link between effort and reward, between work and compensation. Instead, the advocates of the welfare state seek "to redistribute income and consumption more equally among high producers, low producers, and nonproducers, according to

their own sense of social justice. They aim to overrule, through the political process, the rewards and punishments of the free market...." For in the eyes of the welfare statists, the mechanism of the free market is inherently fortuitous and unfair. Equating equity with equality (as Freeman puts it), the devotees of egalitarianism strive not for equal opportunity but for equal *results*—through government and hence through politics.

If Freeman's explanation of the dynamics of the welfare state is correct, then the future of America is problematic. For it is evident that the defenders of a free society today confront not simply an issue of social policy, but a passion, an ideology: the ideology of coercive equality. At the moment it is not, I think, a dominant or irresistible impulse. To be sure, there presently exists in the land a widespread resentment against Big Government, the Washington Establishment, and Big Business. But beneath this malaise, I suspect, lies a popular yearning not for grandiose redistribution of incomes or worldly equality of results but for equity, for *fairness*. And as Freeman implies, equity and equality are not identical (at least not in the minds of most Americans).

Still, the contemporary appeal of abstract egalitarianism is undeniable, particularly among the young and the articulate. Although Freeman does not raise the question, one might ask why the magnetism of this ideology is apparently intensifying at this time. Is it because of newly perceived imperfections in a free society? Or could it be that the ideology of equality is gaining adherents in proportion to the triumph of the welfare state? Could it be that the very evils which egalitarians ascribe to a free society—the alleged unfairness of rewards and rule of chance—are in fact increasingly visible defects of the welfare state itself?

Advocates of egalitarianism appear to believe that "social" and "collective" decisions made through political channels will necessarily be more equitable than the judgments of the marketplace. They appear to assume that *political* apportionment of worldly goods will be readily accepted as legitimate because the entire society will presumably have participated in the political process. Recent experience, however, increasingly belies these expectations. Thanks to the Great Society and the growth of the welfare state, never has our political system been as pervasive as it is today. Yet rarely has this system been more widely regarded as corrupt. Almost every person one meets can recite an authentic anecdote about the abuses of the "System": medicaid mills, welfare frauds, food stamp cheating, OSHA regulations, "affirmative action," and many more. As Freeman's book demonstrates, the welfare state is already here, yet the increasing impingement of government on the marketplace has failed to engender a deeper sense of equity.

Instead, "collective" decsionmaking has generated its own array of vices and injustices: logrolling, favoritism, cronyism, and all the rest. The severance of merit from reward has facilitated the imposition of government-sanctioned job quotas and discrimination, with an attendant residue of inequity, hypocrisy, and bitterness. The more the sphere of politics intrudes into our lives, the more arbitrary and demoralized our social order seems to become. The more the welfare state mentality permeates society, the more illegitimate our society is perceived to be.

And so we encounter a seemingly accelerating cycle of cynicism and resentment. The passion for equality of results thrives on a perception that our social structure is capricious and unfair. Today this perception is spreading precisely because of the welfare state itself—a mechanism which has yet to devise a satisfactory rationale for its own distribution of income and rewards. The "collective" allocation of resources by political means is now widely considered to be at least as objectionable as the free society it strives to replace. Yet the ensuing disillusionment and insidious temptation simply to regard all society as a Great Rip-off may only undermine our social order further, thereby actually enhancing the prospects for



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more drastic ventures in egalitarianism.

By documenting the emergence and evaluating the record of the contemporary welfare state, Roger Freeman has performed a timely and useful service. *The Growth of American Government* is neither a profound philosophical treatise nor a pioneering work in political economy. Still, it is a valuable synthesis, an impressive compendium of statistics and analysis which should be widely distributed. Civic groups, businessmen's organizations, editorial writers, and other politically conscious individuals should read this work and ponder its contents. High school and college debating teams would especially benefit from such a sourcebook. I can think of few other current books which assemble so much significant information and commentary in such a concise and practical form.

Some skeptics may doubt whether the minions of ideology will be repulsed or converted by an army of statistics. Perhaps not. Nevertheless, in appraising contemporary social policy and the claims of egalitarianism, we must begin somewhere. Roger Freeman helps us to begin with the facts. □

## BOOK REVIEW

*T.S. Eliot*
by Stephen Spender / Viking Press / $8.95

Eric McLuhan

One always approaches a book by one poet about another with mixed feelings, expecting either choice gossip or some sort of artistic inside track. Spender's book on Eliot provides neither—a pity as the Bloomsbury connection, which Spender had unique opportunities to observe both as poet and participant, could use much more elucidating. Perhaps those outbursts of satiric invective by Wyndham Lewis, *The Apes of God* and *The Roaring Queen*, will in the long run remain our most accurate account of the Bloomsbury group and its pretensions. Certainly there is more wit and judgment, more playfulness and incisive perception in any of Lewis' observations than anywhere in this book. Spender's ostensible purpose in writing—as signified by what the book contains—is to *explain* T.S. Eliot's poems and prose and fundamental aesthetic. But this conceals the real purpose of writing such a treatise which soon reveals itself as showing that the author can be just as much an aesthete as his subject. The technique then is to draw Eliot down to his level, and to pretend that there's nothing more.

The merits of the book are few, and are rather obscured by the consistent emphasis on aesthetic sensibility as a substitute for artistic percipience. The necessary assumption is that poetry is after all a matter of refinement and sensibility—an attitude shared by most Bloomsburyites—and consequently, aside from his exquisite taste, that there remains really no reason for regarding Eliot's as serious art in the sense he and Pound and Lewis used the term. The reader already acquainted with Eliot, and with the better literature that has grown up around his work, will find little or nothing new in Spender (with the possible exception of some of the remarks in chapter ii, "Education, Harvard Style" and in chapter xi, "Politics") and nothing of consequence. It is a book for tourists and the paths it takes are well beaten.

Any passage or chapter will serve to demonstrate. The chapter on "The Waste Land," for example, is written with Valerie Eliot's disclosure of Pound's collaborative emendations in view. We might expect a discussion of poetic, of structure, of shifts in tone or intent, or of changes in perception of the overall function of the poem. Instead the remarks remain on the level of the descriptive and mechanical, e.g.: "Undoubtedly the most dramatically decisive change was the scrapping of the scene with which the poem opened, of Sweeney-like buddies having a night out on the town...." Description is everywhere substituted for analysis: the eventual opening ("April is the cruellest month") is "arresting." The danger of remaining on the surface is that it is too easy to fall into contradictions, as "By putting the prophetic statement first, Eliot makes it prophecy and not social satire. The contemporary voices become illustrative symptoms of the state of the civilization." Spender knows better than this; one of the classic modes of satire (Varronian or Menippean) is diagnostic and illustrative. But it must be admitted that he seldom lapses into such contradictions.

To take another example from the same discussion: reviewing a catalogue of some "secondary voices" he remarks, "such voices are symptoms: symptoms of attitudes, reflexes, neuroses," which are "the results of the state of the civilization to which deeper voices, voices of the Biblical and Greek world, bear witness. There is one voice—the voice of the poet in the poem, who suffers." These are fairly conventional descriptive cataloguings, and a reasonable prelude to a deeper discussion —but they represent virtually all that Spender has to offer on the subject.

The same descriptive superficiality characterizes the rest of his remarks on Eliot's artistic endeavors. Of the most important, the most crucial aspects of Eliot's work, his experiments with language and with the updating of sensibility, there is not a word—aspects which we would expect another poet to be most concerned with and to be able to tell us most about. Instead we get a ballet of banalities about "the quest" and "the need for redemption...passionately realized in Eliot's poems." All of which may be true enough, but we do, I think, deserve better from another poet. Books that puff these themes and approaches already clog the shelves (we can be thankful that the age is now passing in which bright young assistant professors are expected to complete their journeymanship by "doing a book" on each of the moderns). But we expect from a Spender something that qualifies as serious rather than what one gets from one who "is promising."

A few more examples. Having quoted one of the focal passages from "Tradition and the Individual Talent," the one which includes "the existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new... work of art among them..." Spender's comments reveal that he misses (or bypasses) the point entirely: Eliot's notion of the tradition is that which persisted from Quintilian at least until the time of Bonaventure. It is a synchronic, simultaneous whole. But each of Spender's remarks betray the opposite sensibility—fragmentary and diachronic: the tradition is seen as "an organic system of relations established in the past which adapts itself in an evolutionary way to new conditions through objective procedures taking place in the mind" of the living. "Organic"

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might have done, but the rest, again descriptive (of the passage as known from the outside only), is just plain wrong. Spender then contradicts his "organic" description by a contrary metaphor ("mechanism") and judges that after all the whole is poetic and not worth serious attention: "this picture of the tradition as a system like a functioning mechanism can be taken seriously on the imaginative level but not literally as a scientific working model. It is both serious and witty, in the manner of metaphors of the metaphysical poets...."

The rest of the book is of a piece with this: condescending to the subject, descriptive; real literary folk will detect the facade immediately. As I said before, we deserve to be given better than this by someone of Spender's stature. A serious poet has no business handing us predigested packaged sentiments: in fact it's hard to believe that Spender wrote this. The saving grace is the easygoing conversational style of writing; the danger of it is that the reader may get lazy. □

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## BOOK REVIEW

*The Poverty of Power: Energy and the Economic Crisis*
by Barry Commoner / Alfred A. Knopf / $10

Karl O'Lessker

Among the many virtues of Barry Commoner's new book, the most important is this: he forces us to confront that greatest of all political questions, can our free institutions survive? Or more precisely, can these institutions arrest or escape from the apparently inexorable drift toward economic collapse occasioned by, broadly speaking, the energy crisis?

The term "energy crisis" is deceptive. It sounds as if it has only to do with a dwindling supply of domestic oil coupled with sharply higher prices for imported oil. Those, to be sure, are important parts of the problem. But it is far deeper, more pervasive, more intractable than that. What has happened, within barely a generation, is that the largest part of our total productivity has become energy-intensive in a way that would have been unimaginable prior to World War II. And as the supply of energy falls and the price escalates, it is not at all clear how we can avoid the kind of inflation that brings whole societies to ruin.

And even that is not all of it. Well before the Arab oil embargo and its attendant disruptions, very deep-seated changes had been occurring in the basic chemistry of American capitalism: both profits and the productivity of capital had begun a long-term decline of which there is no reversal in sight.

Commoner's answer, then, to his own great question is that they cannot. With an impressive array of data to support him, he argues that "complex interactions among the three basic systems—the ecosystem, the production system, and the economic system" are now so irrational as to constitute "a fault that lies deep in the design of modern society." Only a fundamental redesign of these systemic relations can avert the impending collapse. But so sweeping an effort, he says, is not going to come about through the normal processes of capitalist democracy, for it is capitalism itself that must be swept away. Commoner's prescription becomes very hazy at this point, but evidently he envisions something like an idealized version of British or Swedish socialism as an appropriate system for dealing with the problem.

I have now said enough to persuade many readers to dismiss the book unread. That would be a mistake. There is enough of unique value in it to compensate many times over for its mistakes.

The heart of Commoner's deeply pessimistic thesis is that large segments of industry have become increasingly capital- and energy-intensive at a time when both capital and energy are coming to be in shorter and shorter supply. As a result the price of energy is on the rise and the productivity of capital is on the decline. And there is no reversal in prospect; both trends will only intensify, with economic collapse as the certain consequence. The effective but chilling image Commoner devises is that of a society "fleeing as fast as we can out across thin ice in the hope of outrunning the spreading cracks that are created as we run. A plunge into the deep, cold waters of reality is inevitable."

It goes without saying that many economists disagree with this analysis, making much of the fact that Commoner is by profession a biologist, not an economist. This overlooks the coordinate fact that his economic data were produced by perfectly reputable economists—those employed by Chase Manhattan Bank, the Brookings Institution, *Business Week*, etc. So there is little if any comfort to be derived from supposing that Commoner just doesn't know what he is talking about. He may of course be wrong. But this key part of his argument is by no means obviously mistaken. The burden, it seems to me, is on his critics to demonstrate that we really will be able to pay increasingly high prices for energy without precipitating a ruinous inflation, and that the productivity of capital is not on an ominous decline. Failing such a demonstration, we should have at least to concede that the American economy is heading for serious trouble.

Both the strengths and weaknesses of his argument show up most clearly in his discussion of the incongruence between private profit and public good in certain major industries. He is at his best in talking about the massive social irrationalities of agriculture, transportation, and the petrochemical industry. Since the end of World War II the first two of these have become sharply more capital-intensive and energy-intensive; the third, only in its infancy before the war, now spews forth from *its* capital-intensive, energy-intensive maw a vast array of products, many of which have replaced the labor-intensive products of an earlier day. (Consider the popsicle-stick. The familiar wooden implement, made out of a plentiful and immemorially renewable resource, has now virtually disappeared—replaced in most markets at the very beginning of the Energy Crisis, by plastic.) In every case the motivating force is higher profit. It isn't that Procter & Gamble didn't make a profit on their pre-war laundry soap (basic ingredient, palm oil, a renewable resource); it's that they could make a higher profit on laundry detergent (basic ingredient, petroleum). That is surely a legitimate and defensible motive. The problem, however, is that the basic ingredient has come to be in dangerously short supply, and the product itself is far more polluting in its manufacture and immeasurably more polluting in its use. And one other fact needs to be considered: for all normal cleaning chores, soap is every bit as good as detergent; detergents were introduced not because they were more effective but because they were more profitable. Here then is an almost perfect, if not very dramatic, example of the incongruence

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between private profit and public good. The shift from soap to detergent has exacted heavy social costs for the increased profits it has made possible. What's a society to do?

Well, free marketeers will have recognized right away that in the case of detergents as in that of popsicle-sticks, the opportunity for higher profits was occasioned by the availability of a cheaper raw material (petroleum). And as oil prices now rise to the point where they will surpass those for wood and palm oil, manufacturers will be forced to go back to using the latter. So far so good; Adam Smith can rest easy on Olympus. Except that this pays no heed to the problem of pollution caused by the use of all synthetics and plastics—a problem, in economic terms, of "externalities," to which Adam Smith paid only passing attention. An externality is a cost of production, all right, but it is one that is not borne by either the producer or consumer but by society as a whole or by some unwilling segment of it. The mountainous heaps of utterly nonreusable, nonbiodegradable solid waste of the Age of Plastics, for instance, or the phosphate-choked waters of our lakes and streams —who pays for the cleanup? Why, the taxpayers do, of course. Costs are most certainly entailed in the manufacture and use of these products—but they are not figured in the price. And therefore the Invisible Hand (of blessed memory) has no way to allocate them.

What indeed is a society to do?

Large and important as it is, the question of externalities is only one aspect of the larger, far more difficult issue Commoner lays before us. It has never been doubted that sometimes a private good may be socially dysfunctional. Sensible people have always been willing to accept that as the price for maintaining a generally satisfactory system. But suppose now that the pursuit of private good (increased profits) on the part of giant corporations, indeed whole industries, threatens nothing less than economic collapse for the entire society? Can we afford to be quite so philosophical about the case? I shall return to this question a bit later.

A review would not be doing justice to the book without citing the excellence of Commoner's discussion of the energy crisis in the context of the First and Second Laws of Thermodynamics, a subject made far less forbidding by the clarity and grace of Commoner's writing. Nor must I neglect to commend the force of his argument that American agriculture has become an "economic colony" of the petrochemical industry, with the result that the farmer's net income has actually dropped in the past generation despite a huge increase in gross income. More importantly, agriculture has become desperately vulnerable to the particular sort of shockwave emanating from higher energy prices. It is an analysis eminently worth your attention.

And another strong and unsettling section is his chapter on nuclear energy. One approaches it expecting a rehash of the familiar (though by no means necessarily incorrect) environmentalist case against development of nuclear power. But these he only touches on, giving far more attention to the economics of the industry. Here again, though the data are not wholly unambiguous nor their interpretation widely agreed upon, Commoner makes a convincing case for the proposition that the capital costs of nuclear power production (and in particular the breeder reactor) have now risen so high as to deprive the industry of even its economic rationale. Put another way, sometime in the next decade coal-generated electricity will become cheaper than the nuclear alternative—and with none of the attendant catastrophic risks. And given the fact that we have about six hundred years worth of coal left in America's own reserve, with solar energy coming on line before even the next century has passed, there can be little justification for continuing the enormous investment of taxpayers' money in an economically unviable, environmentally dangerous private industry. Here again, Commoner may be mistaken in his analysis, but if so his errors are far from obvious.

But there are at least two grave faults in the book, one not really fatal but certainly symptomatic, the other serious to the extent that one looks to Commoner for a solution to the problems he has so skillfully described. The two are related, significantly so.

The first lies in his discussion of the U.S.


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oil industry. It is so patently wrongheaded as to suggest that Commoner simply has a blind spot about the industry and is incapable of viewing it with anything resembling scientific detachment. Especially in his treatment of the oil companies' pricing policies, profits, and capital needs, there is a kind of cloud-cuckooland quality to the analysis. Along with everyone else who has ever looked at the data, Commoner recognizes that the marginal costs of oil exploration and production have been increasing sharply. That really is no one's fault. It has nothing to do with capitalist greed or bloated salaries for executives on expense accounts. He seems to see the point clearly enough, and he makes a convincing case for the proposition that oil prices and oil company profits have to be much higher than they are even now in order to generate the capital that will be required for further production. But then he turns right around and treats the industry's call for "incentives" (i.e., higher profits) with the sort of angry contempt that a Southern Baptist might direct against a plea for pornography in the public schools.

Not very many of us are likely to be enthusiastic about paying higher gasoline and heating oil prices. But if the objective capital needs of the industry cannot be met except by pricing oil at $x$ dollars a barrel, then it hardly matters whether it is the Federal government or the private companies that do the pricing. If, as Commoner clearly prefers, the industry is nationalized and the government does it, it will either have to raise the present price or else finance the capital shortfall out of general revenues—which in turn means either diverting resources from other programs or (what amounts to the same thing) paying for it with inflated currency. Commoner's inability to comprehend this simple truth places him squarely in the ranks of those liberal ideologues whose guiding thesis is, there really is such a thing as a free lunch and Federal bureaucrats will provide it to us.

This brings me to the second large fault in the book, the squishy-soft appeal of the final chapter for some sort of salvation through socialism. The present essay is clearly no place to argue the relative merits of socialism and capitalism. Let me only observe that if Commoner needs to recall his own "Fourth Law of Ecology: There is No Such Thing as a Free Lunch" (from that fine book of his, *The Closing Circle*), even more does he need to remember and reflect deeply on Madison's teaching about men not being angels....Who are these paragons who will make decisions for us in the socialist millennium? In whose interest will they rule? Is Professor Commoner *quite* sure they will share his own humane and enlightened views as to the proper allocation of scarce resources among Americans and throughout the world?

It is tempting by contrast to contemplate the free market alternative. I myself have little doubt that the operations of a truly free market would succeed, after some years of immense dislocation and economic suffering for many, in straightening out most of the ghastly tangle which modern industrial society has managed to create for itself. But of course we have nothing like a free market and no prospect whatever of achieving one. The politics of a democratic state are such that no elected government would stand by and let the market clean out inefficiencies at the expense of massive unemployment, deflation, and all the other inevitable ills of such a process. There is no point wringing our hands about it. It is a fact of political life that we must take as a given and go from there.

There are two available alternatives to the free-market solution. One is to do hardly anything—to continue as we are now, and improvise remedies for the various segments of the economy as they approach collapse. The other is to begin at once to construct a fully planned economy some pieces of which may probably be left in private hands. This is evidently Commoner's preference, though he offers us nothing more than incantation and moral uplift in his final pages. (What could he have been thinking of, one wonders, in closing the book with a notably vacuous quotation from John B. Oakes of the *New York Times*, which sounds exactly like a P.R. handout from one of Nelson Rockefeller's task forces?)

Here indeed is a Hobson's choice for America. It hardly seems sensible to continue slapping band-aids on broken limbs and bulging tumors—or perhaps the better image is, pouring whiskey down an alcoholic's throat. But the socialist alternative will seem to most of us so repellent as to be worse than the disease.

I can only conclude by observing that if Commoner is close to right in his diagnosis of our economic ills, and if we are to have any hope of devising an effective and palatable remedy, we shall have to put aside our distaste for Commoner's socialism and pay close attention to his analysis. □

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## EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

nous complaints Citizen Nader has lodged against American business and American government I believe that he is discomfited by something far deeper than pollution, corruption, and booby-trapped cars. Even if Coca-Cola surrenders tomorrow, the conspiracies of General Motors are shut down forever, and Lake Erie becomes a health spa, Citizen Ralph will not be able to shake himself loose from the coils of the public interest; for so long as the common folk are free to choose one value over another, for instance cheapness over safety, life will be full of treachery. So long as our democratic society tolerates diversity and resists the standardization that Nader's regulatory commissions and bureaucracies demand, safety, health, and reform will be thwarted. Freedom and tolerance are at issue here. Citizen Nader's record as a civil libertarian is poor; the logic of his proposals casts doubt on the possibility it will ever improve. One of his dearest dreams is to eliminate smoking from federally regulated areas. Not content with the reasonable practice of segregating smokers on airplanes, he would have them totally eliminated. It is proudly claimed that he refuses to employ such bounders and feels it his right to inquire into the smoking habits of potential employees. If this is his position on a discomfort as trivial as smoking how can one conclude he would be more tolerant of graver inconveniences? Would he tolerate Mennonites cluttering the public roads with their horse-drawn vehicles? Are people to be free to choose chiropractors over medical doctors?

Not only is Citizen Nader subversive to freedom and a pluralistic society, he is also subversive to stable institutions. His zealotry on behalf of something as impalpable and protean as the public interest gives no hint as to what he might attack next. Originally he set out to reform the Corvair, then it was General Motors, then all corporations, then health care. Soon he wanted to deregulate air fares but to regulate other industries. Today he speaks ominously of scrapping the capitalist system, and in favor of what? No one knows. Such turbulence is intolerable to a liberal society. Free citizens must live with some reasonable expectations for the future. Are wage-earners gladly going to live in suspense over the fate of their banks, their insurance systems, their transportation investments? Will investors venture their savings in enterprises that may be banned tomorrow? Can laborers train themselves for jobs that may suddenly disappear by edict of this necromancer of the public interest?

Soon or late liberals are going to have to ask themselves what manner of ideologue this Citizen Nader is. For me the answer has been shouted aloud by his public record. In too many matters of choice and tolerance Citizen Nader has opted for coercion. On the matter of his liberalism and his devotion to progress he spoke volumes recently when he lamented in the *New York Times Magazine* that "We ask our people to think instead of asking them to believe. And history has always gone to those who ask people to believe"—*Also sprach* not Der Führer or Chairman Mao, but one of the most renowned reformers ever to rise up in the Great Democracy.

As dismaying as it might be to Citizen Nader, I personally prefer thinking persons to believers. The free and democratic society is an evolutionary step up from the paternalistic tyranny he favors. Advocates of democracy and liberalism have held that their society encourages intelligence, sentience, and responsibility, that is to say, a sturdier and better *Homo sapiens* than the poor waif slouching under the enlightened rule of an autocrat. There are some discomforts attendant here—individuals will have to make their own choices—but I prefer the discomforts of freedom to the securities of serfdom.

That liberals have missed the import of Citizen Nader's critique, does not speak well for them. Character is a prelude to action; and what is the character of a man who sleeps four hours a night, snoops into the private lives of his employees, follows a teenager's dietary habits while lecturing the whole nation on health, and in the end laments that we Americans are given to thinking rather than believing? Delicacy prevents me from uttering the word, delicacy and anxiety about waking up to an army of libel lawyers. For that is another of Citizen Nader's ingratiating qualities. He is congenitally litigious, especially toward those who take issue with his causes and speak their minds. Citizen Nader is the latest edition in American Puritanism. I prefer the first edition. □

## BOOK REVIEW

***On Watch***

Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr. / Quadrangle / $12.50

Seth Cropsey

Elmo Zumwalt was appointed Chief of Naval Operations in 1970. He completed his term, wrote this memoir of his four years in the Navy's highest post, and ran for Senate from Virginia. The four years he served as CNO, 1970-1974, were also the final years of Richard Nixon's Presidency, and, as Zumwalt describes them, they were years of disagreement. He argued with Admiral Hyman Rickover over the kinds of weapons the Navy ought to have, with Richard Nixon over the kind of discipline it ought to enforce, and with Henry Kissinger over nearly everything.

Zumwalt minces no words in recounting his quarrels. "A final malady," he writes, "that afflicted—and continues to afflict—the whole Navy, though the surface Navy was and is the greatest sufferer, can be described in one word,...Rickover." What Zumwalt objects to is the lobby Rickover has built up in favor of a nuclear-powered navy, a lobby that has been fortified by Rickover's enviable skills in political suasion and his position at the Atomic Energy Commission (now at the Energy Research and Development Administration).

Zumwalt's dispute with Rickover is instructive. The anti-Rickover corner argues the strategy of confronting the Soviet navy at its weakest point—its problem of supply. This requires a considerable number of primarily surface vessels. Rickover favors a smaller Navy composed of much larger ships whose underlying mission is submarine-based strategic bombardment and the projection of essentially amphibious power. What is most interesting about this internal squabble is probably not what the author intended.

Thoroughly detailed is the evidently vigorous contest for recognition and funds among the Navy's three "unions"—aviators, submariners, and surface sailors. Himself a surface sailor, Zumwalt implicitly admits that his disagreement with Rickover, an old submariner, is a reflection of that intra-service rivalry. The suspicion arises that the courses taken by each man are dictated more by allegiance to their respective "unions" than by genuine policy differences. This is reinforced by the

*Seth Cropsey is assistant editor of* The Public Interest.



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polemics of the attack on Rickover and further supported by the author's failure to explain the political pressures which subtend and advance each position.

Thus comes the unappealing idea that the utmost questions of American military strategy are inordinately governed by the narrowest issues—those least attentive to the necessity for naval excellence.

Following a long recollection of his "Z-grams"—his celebrated memos aimed at changing what he called the Navy's "Mickey Mouse" regulations as well as its discrimination against Negroes—Zumwalt examines Secretary of State Kissinger, the wounds of the failing Nixon administration, and the military actions which the Navy took part in from 1970 to 1974. What he finds will not surprise.

Like Adm. Rickover, the Secretary of State is highly successful at bureaucratic infighting. He can charm. He throws darting glances, verbal abuse, and physical objects at inept or disagreeing underlings. Unwilling to discuss the intricacies of SALT in detail, Zumwalt settles for an outline of the accusation that Kissinger exchanged strategic superiority for the political capital of an agreement. He also charges Kissinger with having delayed the vital airlift of weapons to Israel in 1973 in order to "create a new reality." Mr. Zumwalt sniffs at this maneuver for its "laughably academic" approach to a military situation. He overlooks the question of its palpable success. Moreover, Zumwalt is inconsistent with his previous attention to the larger questions of foreign policy by ignoring the injustice of treating a close ally so badly. Last is a description of the already famous palace intrigues which heralded the twilight of the Nixon administration and coincided with the end of Zumwalt's term as CNO.

Those who have no familiarity with the military will find this book helpful. It is a grim little reminder of the dull, sedulous, and stultifying grip of bureaucracy. *On Watch* also manages to place Zumwalt at a fitting remove from the Nixon administration—something well advised for an aspiring Democrat who once served it—and by its preoccupation with Mr. Kissinger, increases the anticipation with which we regard the publication of *his* memoirs. □

## THE BOOTBLACK STAND

*Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has accepted a staff position with the House Ethics committee, but he has graciously consented to continue advising American statesmen in these times of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o* The Alternative.

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

The report that Milton Friedman has been awarded the 1976 Nobel Prize for economics is the worst news since the death of Joseph Stalin—a death that has always struck me as curious, coming as it did during the height of the McCarthyite horror. Think of it, the Nobel Prize awarded to a man who publicly consorts with the vilest totalitarian threat of this century, the Chilean junta! I am heartsick and can no longer hold down my sunflower seeds.

In issue after issue *The Nation* has attempted to warn our government of Friedman's "advisory" trips to Chile. Why the State Department and the CIA have yet to step in defies decency. The only explanation for the Nobel Prize Committee's abominable choice is that it has finally capitulated to the United States Chamber of Commerce, or is it possible that Chile's CIA (the nefarious DINA) has reached even into Stockholm? It has controlled Capitol Hill for months. What can *The Nation* do now?

Remember Sacco and Vanzetti,
Blair Clark
Editor, *The Nation*

Dear Mr. Clark:

Oh woe, the DREADFUL FIFTIES are with us again (these things are cyclical). To me the most nettling matter in the Nobel Prize committee's award is the obvious fact that the prize has become political. As to your recourse, I suggest you all hand *The Nation* over to its creditors and become a band of urban guerrillas. Hijack a subway and order it to Cuba. The hour grows near! *La lotta continua! Sic semper tyrannus!*

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Last week Garry Wills and I went to what was supposed to be the largest anti-war rally to be held on the East Coast this year, and we heard some surprising news. According to an unusually reliable anti-war activist the Vietnam war is over! How long it has been over is unclear. The government of course claims that the war has been over since the spring of 1973, but official Washington is of course not to be trusted and my contacts with Hanoi are not as good as they once were. At any rate this news explains why the turnout at our Christian peace rallies has been so low, and why my letters have not been published in the *New York Times*. Tell me, do you think there is any possibility that we may get into another war again soon? If so, I would appreciate specifics.

Urgently,
Dan Berrigan, S.J.

Dear Fr. Berrigan:

If the war has ended it is news to me. I read Garry Wills faithfully and he has given no indication the emergency is over. The government is always sending out phony leaks like this. Frankly I think it is best you continue your demonstrations at least for a year or so just to be sure. Garry Wills' syndicated columns must continue to convey the sense of moral urgency that is essential to sustain the feeling of contained neurosis so necessary for a properly humane critique of our ghastly system of macho-capitalisto-militarism. Do not flag or fail.

—GWP



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THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

*by*

*Kenneth H. Hedrick*

# The Valley House

I should have seen it coming, but it came so relentlessly and swiftly that before I knew it the transformation was complete. The old and venerable country taverns, where one found good cheap food, lager of varying quality and hue, and hardwood elegance, are succumbing to the modern age. Where once there was mahogany, now there is naugahyde. Conversation is next to impossible due to the blare of Muzak, or worse, the inane monotony of "disco music." Not too long ago anyone who sauntered into a backwater Pennsylvania bar clad in double-knits and asking for a Harvey Wallbanger would have greatly offended the local mores and prejudices. Opprobrium would have been heaped on him by the more vocal patrons and sullen looks would have been cast in his direction. But no more. The Zeitgeist has triumphed, and the old provincialism with all of its faults has been chucked out for a breezy, ersatz cosmopolitanism.

My youth was made bright with times of summer and cruising to such watering holes as the Mainland Inn, the Rising Sun Hotel, or the Ridge Road Hotel, all built prior to the administration of Thomas Jefferson. There I would shake the dust from my boots and leave the sticky outside for the dark cool sanctuary of leather stools and foaming mugs of ice cold draft. The pace was somnolent, the company genial; and the conversation ranged over a multitude of subjects, sacred and profane. What I found most appealing was that my fellow patrons respected one another's privacy; no one was expected to mingle in the modern fashion.

But most important was the beer. Budweiser and Michelob usually flowed on tap along with the most disgusting beer in North America, Schaefer's. At the Mainland Inn, an imposing brownstone hotel of impressive age, there was a dark brew called Prior—a little too sweet to be drunk in quantity but pleasing if you only had time for a glass or two. The food was superb and the ambience right. Stout hardwood floors supported walls cluttered with old photos of local heroes of the baseball diamond. The tranquil, glassy gaze of two stuffed bucks' heads surveyed the assembled throng. Even the chintzy picture behind the bar (where the mirror should be) blended in well. Today the place has been sold and the inside gutted for God-only-knows-what-purpose. My haunt is no more.

The Ridge Road Hotel was run by a stolid son of the Freistadt Bremen who always had Wurzburger on tap. If the dining room was full, you could eat in the living room, which I did on several occasions in company with a friendly dachshund. The Rising Sun Hotel, a proud establishment dating back to the reign of King George I, gradually turned "respectable," and today the owners run an inn where the pace is frantic and elementary courtesies are unknown. The old customs are one with the snows of yesteryear—what with new and mostly absentee owners, inflation, and the introduction of that loathsome social custom, the "singles scene."

In this great blight on institutionalized tippling, the steady older crowd is driven away first by the deafening canned music and second by the neglect they suffer when in need of a refill, so that the new crowd of *soi-disant* studs and fluttery chippies can flock in like buzzards around a corpse. The uniforms worn by the males are depressingly similar. There are the inevitable Johnny Miller leisure suits straight from the Sears & Roebuck catalog. And the uniform is not complete, of course, without a thingamajig around the neck resting on the hirsute chest. Not very long ago, the only men who wore things around their necks were either veterans or Catholics with their dog tags or religious medals. But like the God and Country they represented, they are no longer in vogue and have been replaced by ankhs, totems, chains, and other junk to dazzle the half-wits who take such things seriously. The studs saunter up to the girl-objects (who are drinking such filth as Brandy Alexanders and Pink Squirrels) to ask blockbuster questions—"What's *your* sign?—and be rewarded by giggles and shrill cackling.

Lest you think the entire scene is stale, flat, and unprofitable, I must inform you that I have stumbled upon a pleasant inn devoted to the welfare and sanity of the drinking public. It is called the Valley House, and it is a dignified brownstone edifice constructed in the halcyon days of President Fillmore. It is doubtful, though, whether the old Whig ever got a snootful at this Skippack, Pennsylvania spa. At any rate, the Valley House boasts a real hardwood bar and a railing twisted by the weight of a thousand farmers, yeomen, insurance agents, and garage mechanics who have bent the elbow to celebrate triumphs and mourn disaster.

The real joy at the Valley House, however, is the availability of thirty-two (count 'em) thirty-two brands of imported brew in all shapes and sizes, good, bad, and indifferent. When last I was there I sampled four bottles at random and a cursory report is as follows: Heineken dark, a rich malty concoction; Pilsner Urquell, a strong and distinctive beverage, alien to the American palate; Molson light, a good and more familiar brew; and MacEwans Tartan Ale, a black substance which explains the great migration of Scots to all four corners of the earth.

There are no funny little signs bedecking the wall behind the bar nor those cheap trinkets one picks up on vacation in Atlantic City for Aunt Matilda, but only glasses, steins, helmets, and other silent reminders of other places and times. What solace it is to spend an afternoon or evening away from pompous TV commentators, inane summer reruns, and the countercultural scolds of the *Rolling Stone*; instead to discuss the events of the day and the mysteries of existence amid the peace of a countryside pub. □

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*Kenneth H. Hedrick, the psychohistorian, is presently writing a revealing biography of Edward Bulwer-Lytton.*



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# CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor:*

More than a letter to the editor would be needed to correct the misleading and misinformed comments of B. Bruce-Briggs in your June-July issue. To refute his article, "Needless Fuss about Land Use," would require a much longer commentary. But I do think that Bruce-Briggs' facile "put-down" calls at least for a protest.

"Needless Fuss" is a supercilious polemic which tries to discredit ideas through ridicule: presented in exaggerated or distorted form, these ideas are then countered by "common sense" or "simple arithmetic." The article undertakes to show how silly, how trivial, the so-called land-use issue really is when exposed to the hard reality of facts. But Bruce-Briggs is highly "selective" in his choice of facts, ignoring the evidence that explains why land use is the nation's most important environmental problem.

For example, he declares that: "Viewed from a historical perspective these demands for strengthened government land use controls would seem to be almost revolutionary." But in fact, from a historical perspective, it is the conventional American concept of ownership that is revolutionary, running contrary to an older Anglo-Saxon tradition and to the laws of most ancient and modern states. Bruce-Briggs is correct in observing that: "For several hundred years Americans have taken for granted that they had the right to do pretty much what they pleased with their own land...." This included the right to destroy the productive capability of land, to use it to the detriment of neighbors, and to manipulate its market value for speculative gain. Such attitudes were feasible only in a pioneering society with abundant land and a poorly-developed sense of community as contrasted with unqualified personal interest.

The land-use attitudes of pioneer Americans did not prevail in England prior to colonization, nor have they done so in most of the rest of the world. Their inappropriateness in an urbanized, high-technology America is daily becoming more apparent—but the old pioneer ideas have been built into the economy and the transition to a more appropriate land-use ethic is unavoidably painful. Social attitudes lag notoriously behind life's changing circumstances. Yet the conditions under which land is owned and used are, and always have been, distinguishable from the mere fact of land tenure. Throughout American history the police power and eminent domain have been available in theory to protect the public interest in land use. Thus it is not explicit historical property rights that are threatened by land-use controls, but rather relatively recent and self-interested interpretations of what the rights of land-owners "ought to be." Mr. Bruce-Briggs is right in suggesting that, in the United States, public opinion has traditionally supported no more than minimal public controls over land. He is very wrong to suggest that "there has been little public debate as to whether land use is indeed a national problem." There has in fact been a great deal of debate. But debate is hardly needed to establish the fact that land use has become a major popular concern throughout the nation. From Maine to Hawaii any sampling of newspapers would readily show that land use is a major, and often *the* major, issue in many, perhaps most, communities—large and small. Millions of ordinary citizens from Ramapo, New York to Petaluma, California to Boca Raton, Florida, have been making a "fuss" about land use.

Upon examining these controversies, the root cause seems to be people getting in each other's way—differing interests claiming "rights" in the same limited areas. The simple percentage arithmetic which Bruce-Briggs invokes to "commonsensically" deflate alarms over land use have very little relevance to actual issues or controversies. To argue, for example, that Americans "can have just about all the land they want" is to carry abstraction beyond any practical meaning. An American can have no more land than he can obtain by purchase, gift, or fraud. He can't have what others won't sell. *Where* land is situated makes all the difference. The skeptic should compare how much land he can buy on the coast of California or Florida with an equal amount (plus or minus mineral rights) in South Dakota.

There are many different reasons why Americans want land, and location is highly pertinent to most of the uses they have in mind. For example, the controversy over the Greater Miami, Florida airport arose because many people, and several government agencies, had incompatible plans for the same area. Airport boosters and the Federal Aviation Agency wanted an airport on land that conservationists and the National Park Service considered essential as a fresh water reservoir for the Everglades National Park, and that speculators and farmers wanted drained by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers for development and agriculture. Market economics could not resolve the issue in the absence of government policy decisions. Moreover, all Americans, and more particularly those paying Federal income tax, had a stake in the nation's investment in the Everglades National Park which development or drainage in the peripheral area would have impaired.

Americans can't have "just about all the land they want" if *where* they want it makes a difference. Most Americans seem to want land in or near that 1.15% of urbanized land which Bruce-Briggs cites to show that the pressure on land is highly localized. Competition for the best sites for various uses has enormously increased the price of land in all sub-urbanized areas. In the rural remainder, the amount of land actually available for purchase (and attractive to most people) shrinks to a fraction of the total when one subtracts publicly-owned land, private land unavailable for purchase, and land unsuitable for occupancy or investment. The high mobility and relative affluence of Americans puts a high premium on attractive recreational and second-home sites. For example, land-use control has become a popular issue in Vermont, overcoming traditional aversion to government regulation, because a second-home influx from megalopolis has been perceived as threatening the environmental and social integrity of the state, and has given rise to numerous conflicts over changing patterns of settlement and land use.

Bruce-Briggs confuses population densities and crowding. The two concepts are not invariably related. The footnote consigning experiments with rats to the wastebasket of erroneous analogies is itself a misconstruction, if it refers to the studies of John B. Calhoun on the ecology and sociology of the Norway Rat. Calhoun did not pack his rats into tight spaces. The crowding that reached pathological proportions in those experiments was not a consequence of absolute unavoidable densities, but rather a consequence of rat behavior in an environment with unnaturally restricted parameters. There were limits to space in Calhoun's pens, as there are also practical limits to the space available to residents of Southern California. To argue that "no one has ever made a credible case that any of our urban problems are exacerbated by crowding" is to ignore realities as obvious as urban traffic jams, and a large documented literature on human socio-pathology. One might note Stanley Milgram's studies reported in *Science* (1970) on the adaptation of people to circumstances of very numerous and heterogeneous populations in areas of high density, for example in New York City. Milgram found that high-density urban life in American cities created an interpersonal overload that led to behavioral adaptations that many people would describe as sociopathic or anti-social. But high densities can exist without "crowding," or intolerable interpersonal overload, provid-



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ed that there is an orderly and mutually considerate distribution of persons and their activities. This suggests planning of some kind—at least mutual premeditated forebearance—behavior not easily achieved in citites as they have developed in America.

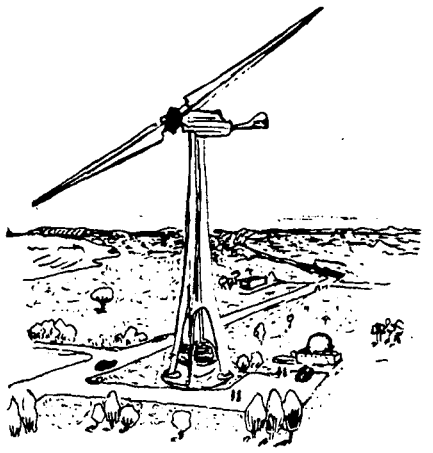
To say that almost all Americans want suburban sprawl because many want a single-family house with land, is like arguing that almost all Americans want lung cancer because many enjoy smoking. It is not true that sprawl is the price of suburban living. Prior to mass use of automobiles and expressways, American suburbs clustered along commuter railways. Suburbs adjacent to Boston, Chicago, New York, and even Los Angeles were relatively compact (as compared to now) prior to the second quarter of this century. The leapfrogging over open farmland to random siting of tract-housing and factories across the open countryside has more to do with the economics and politics of land development and transportation than with the preferences of most people. Sprawl defeats what many Americans have sought in suburban living and accounts for grass-roots efforts in many communities to contain or prevent the disorderly and ultimately uneconomic destruction of the countryside by indiscriminate subdividing.

Bruce-Briggs' argument that the low densities of American metropolitan areas make "air and water pollution...negligible to the point of being, for all practical purposes, nonexistent" is comparable to arguing that the earth is for all practical purposes flat. For some purposes, flatness is a workable assumption, but not for many. Similarly, the proposition that low density means negligible pollution has very limited practical validity and as a generalization is absolutely untrue. There is plenty of evidence to correct Mr. Bruce-Briggs' apparent lack of information on this point. For example, in the famous Trail Smelter Case an international arbitration awarded compensation to American farmers for damages caused by industrial emissions originating in a thinly settled area of Canada. The desert holly in Death Valley is now suffering damage attributed by scientists to smog seeping over the mountains from the Los Angeles Basin. The Swedes complain of acid rain from sulphates and particulates carried across the North Sea from Great Britain. Some of our least dense cities, such as Los Angeles and Phoenix, have among the worst air pollution, because, as densities diminish in America, trips by automobiles increase. Comparable densities in India generate much less air pollution because most travel proceeds on motorless vehicles or on foot. I am not advocating Indian life-styles, but observing that in industrialized, automotive America, low densities do not necessarily result in negligible pollution.

Not surprisingly Bruce-Briggs invokes the pseudo-issue of "ducks versus people" to discount one set of human values in favor of another. This ploy is always good for laughs at the expense of "environmentalists," employing phrases such as "those whose concern for mosquitoes overrides concern for humanity," or those who prefer "sea gulls to people," as if these were the real preferences at issue. He objects to the protection of wilderness areas from overuse because "most human beings seem to feel that people are more important than animals and the overrunning of wilderness areas indicates that better use is being made of them by man." This statement disregards the concept of the "carrying capacity" of land for various purposes. It disregards the not uncommon need of people to prevent themselves from inadvertently destroying what they are attempting to preserve.

Underlying wilderness protection, Bruce-Briggs finds "an ugly strain of narrow class interest." The social origins of founders and members of some of the leading conservation organizations "indicate a serious attempt by the prosperous to ban the rabble and preserve the wilderness for themselves." No evidence is presented to support this allegation. At the very least, an honest analysis would present a comparison of the social origins and incomes of officers and members of conservation organizations with membership in associations for mental health, family relations, multiple sclerosis, responsible government, and civil liberties. In most cases, the people involved would probably be above average in education and income. But would this imply class bias? Paraphrasing Mr. Bruce-Briggs, it is interesting to observe how often laissez-faire self-styled conservatives metaphorically walk backwards into Marxist rhetoric. The "class bias" of environmentalism also reveals itself to the author through public officials who want to discourage ordinary people from having houses and cars, but who themselves live in "nice big houses" in "posh" low density suburbs. But is a bias in favor of alternatives to the automobile through public transportation a bias against the handicapped, and those too young, too old or too poor to own automobiles? Efforts to reduce the necessity for routine mass use of automobiles does not deny the automobile to ordinary people, but may well prolong the period when they may enjoy the advantages of the automobile at fuel costs they can afford.

If increases in building costs are putting the free-standing private house beyond the reach of low-income buyers, the advocates of land-use controls are hardly to blame, and neither are the federal agencies whose mortgage and insurance policies have encouraged mass low-cost tract housing. The monotonous stretches of "Levittowns" that are also a part of suburbia may seem desirable to people who flocked to them from deteriorating inner cities. But we cannot be confident that their children will regard their environment as ideal. Experiments with unconventional types of

# The Lion That Beeped

ERDA and NASA have awarded $7.1 million to build the largest windmill ever constructed, a 1.5 megawatt electric generator powered by two fiberglass blades spanning 200 ft, all mounted on a tower 150 ft tall.

Just look at those figures again: $7.1 million for a monster on a 150 ft tower to give a crummy 1.5 MW, barely enough to power 500 homes. The investment is an astronomical $4,733 per installed kilowatt, about 10 times that of a conventional power plant.

That in itself need not be bad; research is always expensive.

What is bad is the PR barrage by the mice that roar about this lion that beeps. ERDA reportedly claims that it is designed "to test the feasibility of wind energy in meeting the nation's fuel shortage," and *Business Week* quotes, or more probably misquotes, a Lockheed spokesman as saying that by 1995 "wind energy can supply almost 19% of the electric power demand."

Will someone please lend the bird-brained boys of *Business Week* a pocket calculator? To attain 19% of even the present generating capacity, and even if the wind blew at 18 mph everywhere all the time, you would need 63,333 of these beeping lions —windmills here, windmills there, here mills, there mills, everywhere windmills, *Business Week* is going nuts, eea, eea, yo.

*Excerpted from the October 1976 issue of ACCESS TO ENERGY*

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Anthony Harrigan in SENSING THE NEWS

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housing arrangements have taken place throughout the country and the experimenters are usually the relatively young.

The attack upon environmental protectionists as self-serving elitists has been a favorite strategy of radical egalitarians. Its effectiveness rests on the implied assumption that the only class biases that are ugly are those of the relatively well-off or well-educated. These critics rarely mention biases among other classes that could deny an opportunity for people to enjoy unspoiled nature. But do not all classes and conditions of mankind have biases? The notion that environmental quality is only of concern to a privileged few does not square with the evidence of public opinion polls during the last decade, nor with legislators' impressions of popular preferences. Large numbers of urban-dwelling Americans own no land and may never do so. Is it not in their interest to protect their access to forests, beaches, and meadows, and in so doing to safeguard these environmental assets which large numbers of users, in the absence of protective ground-rules, might innocently destroy through mere pressure of usage?

The implication that class-biased selfishness is behind the efforts of "a leading western-based club" (Sierra?) to keep young blue-collar workers and their motorcycles out of wilderness areas, confuses the off-road vehicle issue and unfairly distorts the motives of environmental protection groups. There are many well-to-do white-collar motorcyclists including business executives and college professors. But would it be in the public interest to jeopardize the values of wilderness to all other persons on behalf of cyclists who may take advantage of many other areas for recreation? The conservationists include themselves in the restrictions they advocate for everyone in the interest of preserving the integrity of the environment for all people including generations yet to come. To this extent their "bias" is neither "ugly" nor "narrow." A motorcycle rally in the fragile ecosystems of our southwestern deserts or alpine meadows could destroy in one afternoon, and for all foreseeable future time, an environment that was thousands of years in the making.

To argue that it is "excellent that our waterfronts are 'cluttered' with vacation resorts for how else can a maximum number of Americans enjoy the water?" is to disregard the excellent examples of planned waterfront development that optimizes a finite resource for a diversity of popular interests. Orange County, California has provided at Dana Point on the Pacific Ocean opportunities for more people with more interests in the water than could be accommodated by unplanned cluttered developments. Evidently a substantial number of Californians did not believe that unplanned development of the coast was excellent or they would not have adopted by popular initiative Proposition 20 establishing state responsibility for land use on the coast. Nor would the United States Congress have enacted the Coastal Zone Management Act had it agreed that subdivisions and cluttered resorts maximized the values of the coastal areas for most people. On the contrary, the effect of cluttered development, in depriving many Americans from access to and enjoyment of the coasts, was a factor prompting this piece of national land-use legislation.

If Bruce-Briggs' article reflects true convictions, it then also reflects a disastrous lack of understanding of the natural sciences, of the American conservation movement, of agriculture, of public health, and of public law—among many other things. How else can one explain the assertion that "No agricultural expert seriously doubts that we could increase production fifty percent with existing technology on existing lands, if there were sufficient demand." On the contrary, I think it doubtful if one could find many agricultural experts who would agree with this statement and even those would surely have serious reservations about the costs of such an increase and the ability to sustain it over time.

The author's belief that "simple arithmetic is adequate to put the land use problem in perspective" may explain his total misconstruction of the issue, of its causes, its real and not distorted arguments, and of the motives of persons working for scientifically-informed, long-range land-use planning consistent with the interests of society as a whole, now, and in the future. The relationships of people to land are not simple, and have become especially complex in an advanced technological society such as ours. It is easy to assert that "complex studies are unnecessary" if one has no comprehension of the complexities of the real world. Thus, the author could hardly say that "no land use creates a pollution problem" if he understood the dangers created in many communities by toxic substances seeping from so-called sanitary landfills or of the

(*continued on page 39*)

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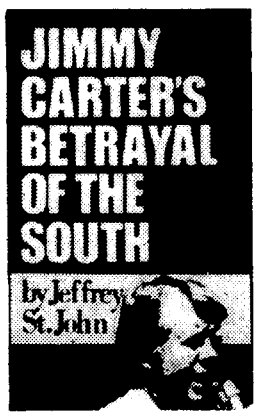


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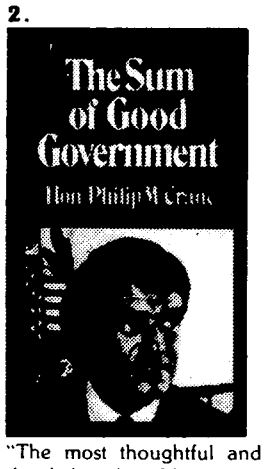


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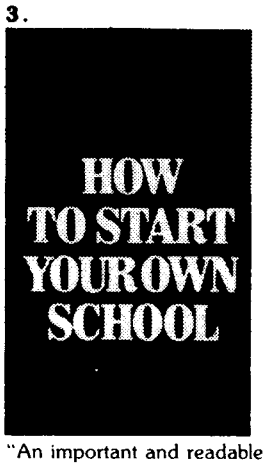


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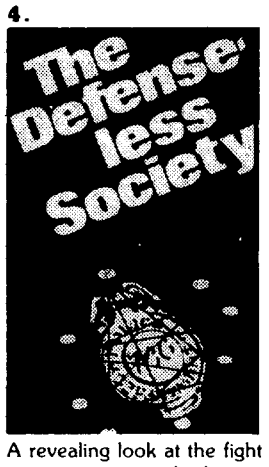


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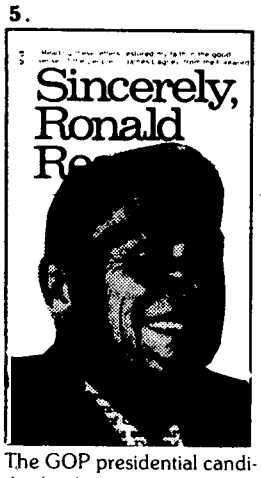


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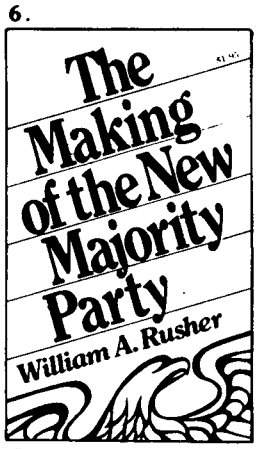


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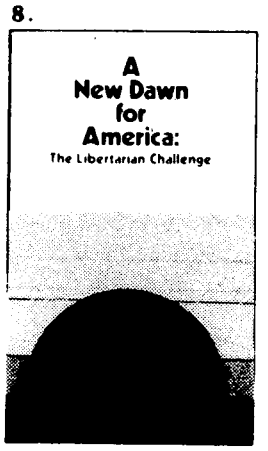


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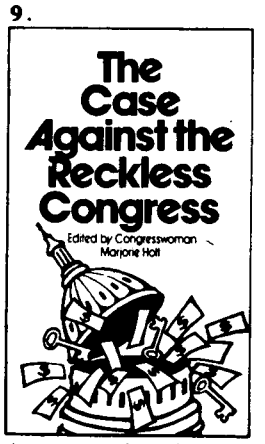


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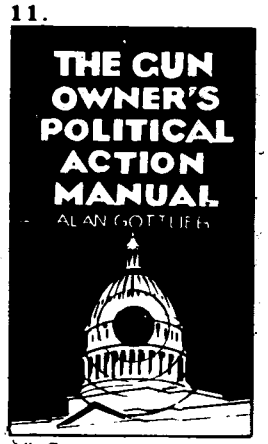


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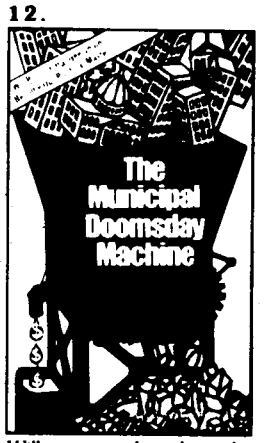


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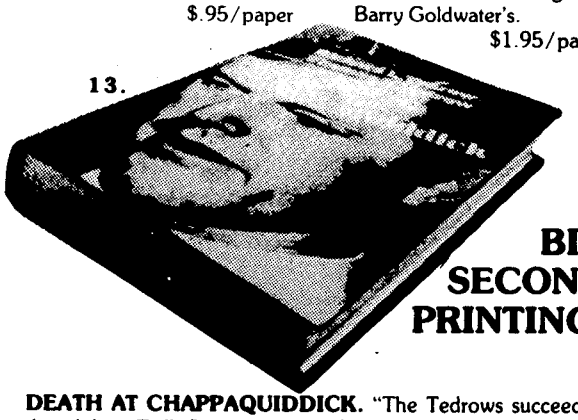

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# CURRENT WISDOM

### New York Times

Miss Letty Cottin Pogrebin writing under the pen name Letty Cottin Pogrebin uses the Socratic method to devastating effect. Such a mind! Such a body!:

With so much real suffering in full view, why has news-media attention been lavished on the inevitable pockets of dissension in the women's movement itself? After ten years of consciousness-raising, hearings and legal battles, why are some people still debating whether or not injustice exists? During hard times (war, reconstruction, depression, unemployment) why is it always women who are asked to step aside in favor of men, no matter what the real need of the individual may be?

Nobody had to teach blacks how to recognize racism, yet millions of women are still unable to identify sexism. [*March 18, 1976*]

### The Nation

Apodiabolosis, as practiced by the world-renowned humanitarians at *The Nation*, for over a century the voice of the ethically besotted:

...in letting Butz go for what he called a "gross indiscretion" (meaning: it's all right to think that way, but not to say it out loud), the President lavished such words of praise on him as "decent," "good," "courageous," and said he remained "a close personal friend." If any further evidence were needed as to the essential vulgarity of Ford and his administration, it is there in that smarmy language.

[*October 16, 1976*]

### Chicago Tribune Magazine

As invincible to reason as she apparently is to Valium, Madame Shirley MacLaine heaves up another screed on political economy and mysticism:

Anyway, I think the sex talk is a diversionary tactic from the real issue, which is economics. The *real* thing is that the system we're living under is unfair, not just to women but to everybody. And the women's movement—which talks about things like equal pay—has not joined that issue. The very *notion* of capitalism makes exploitation necessary. That's why I'm not involved in this election. I don't know what they're talkin' about. All the candidates seem to be fearful, probably because the changes that have to be made in this country would be so harsh, so drastic, no one wants to tackle them. Except the *people*. [*June 6, 1976*]

### Time

Mrs. Ida Mae Howland sounds the tocsin against grayness and decline in *Time*'s "Forum." Wake up America:

As Chinese, Koreans, Indians and, of course, Mexicans victimize this republic yearly by their arrival, *Time* blithely suggests that these people are valued additions to our gene pool. This is an infamy.

This nation was established in 1776 as a white republic. You and your irresponsible cohorts want to bastardize it into a miscegenationist grayness that will lead it to an inescapable decline. [*July 26, 1976*]

### Harper's

Mr. Bjorn Kumm, aptly named reporter for the world renowned Swedish gazette *Aftonbladet*, cheerfully offers a specimen of Swedish casuistry, the kind that stimulates prodigies of thought in his imbecile homeland:

The Third World is not much of a threat, I am afraid, and I feel deeply distressed by this fact. Attacking the idea of Zionism through UN resolutions or even through occasional hijackings and airport massacres is not the result of some Machiavellian, world-wide, totalitarian conspiracy. What has happened in Munich, at Lod Airport, in Cairo, and Bangkok over the past few years is the outcome of terrible frustration and weakness in Third World nations and states, some of which, like Palestine, are so weak that they do not even exist. Terrorism—which has claimed fewer lives in a decade than one day of traditional, regular warfare—is the poor man's, the poor country's last desperate attempt at stopping the big powers and their much more efficient and brutal methods of imposing their will. [*September 1976*]

### Mother Jones

A confession of the utmost moment, from a palpable, olfactible, audible, and unreadable jackass, Robert Lipsyte:

We need an End to Masculinity—a revocation of that illegitimate birth certificate that imprisons the biological male in a web of burdens and responsibilities that limits his options as a human being almost as severely as his sisters have been limited by sexual discrimination.

The traditional oppression of women, as murderous as it is, can be frontally assaulted. It's happening. For many women righteously storming the castle, the battle will provide a fulfillment almost as rich as equality. But men have no such accessible enemies. We are our enemy: other men and parts of ourselves....

I measure myself only against other men. The size of my bank account, the size of my penis, the imagined size of my obituary when it finally shouldn't matter anymore.

[*September/October 1976*]

### Harper's Weekly

The public announcement of "a single, 35-year-old male in perfect health," published in *Harper's Weekly*, a self-proclaimed "Journal of Civilization":

I am a single, 35-year-old male in perfect health. However, my so-called natural, intrinsic, sexual drives, urges, and appetites have long proven themselves to be useless burdens which shall never realize their supposedly hedonistic manifestations. Therefore, I wish to channel these energies elsewhere. But first, I would appreciate hearing from any individuals and organizations who may be able to recommend to me *any* medical, naturopathic, or mental procedure, be it surgery, chemotherapy, medications, will power, meditation, diet, etc., which shall result in a complete elimination and permanent suppression of my sexual urges. Randell Thomas, 202 So. Franklin, Wenatchee, Washington 98801 [*April 5, 1976*]

### Chicago Tribune

Vietnam's wonderful symbiosis of "military authority" and "a liberated attitude," as elucidated by the Rev. Jesse Jackson, in a discourse full of hope:

I believe we should look to the Third World for an answer. The message from there is clear: Through the proper use of money and a positive attitude, we can stimulate self-development and give the people a vision. It has been fascinating for me to observe what has happened in South Vietnam in the past year. The new Saigon leaders have spent little time talking about the Americans who carpet-bombed and defoliated their country. Instead they have concentrated on rebuilding, putting people to work, inculcating new values and attitudes. They did it with military authority and a liberated attitude. [*April 18, 1976*]

### New York Times Magazine

The pious and profound Francine du Plessix Gray renders a remarkable account of Christian endeavor in the late 1960s and chronicles the theological deliberations that obtained:

As a member of a small New England chapter of Clergy and Laity Concerned About Vietnam, I had worked closely with activist churchmen in the 60's, written manifestoes, marched, fasted, sat in with them. At the Mobilization that brought half a million Americans to the Capitol in the fall of 1969, I'd walked a stretch of road with Boston supporter Harvey Cox, chanting, "All we are asking is Give peace a chance," with the mesmeric monotony of a rosary. "What's the absolute opposite of far out, Harvey?" I'd asked during a pause in the singing, searching for some title. "Way in, I guess," he'd mumbled, and passed me a hunk of his hot dog. [*June 27, 1976*]

### Washington Star

After years of illusory tumult over busing Mr. Arthur S. Flemming, exalté of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, manfully steps to the microphone and launches this stunning revelation:

...where there is initial hostility it disappears very quickly because of the fact that the community, the school administrators, the teachers, and the students begin to realize that first of all, they're having the opportunity of participating in the implementation of the Constitution of the United States and in the second place they begin to realize that there are very significant benefits that flow from this particular process. [*September 15, 1976*]

### Commonweal

The state of economic education in the land of the Jesuits:

Indeed, many of the Postal Service's problems would disappear in the morning, if just one or two of the $100 billions being pumped into the military this year were diverted to help solve its problems. [*June 18, 1976*]



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contamination of streams by acid mine drainage or agricultural chemicals. If he were aware of the studies of the behavior of sulphates and oxides from industrial emissions, he could not dismiss the air pollution issue as solely one of population densities.

Finally, Bruce-Briggs declares that "the most glaring inefficiencies of land use are the results of past government planning mistakes." In this, he would be right if he meant, as I believe he does *not*, that the big mistakes of government have been to accept and legalize short-range, ecologically-harmful land-use planning by developers, speculators, industrialists, and public utilities without regard for long-term social and economic costs borne by entire communities and by posterity. Some of the worst mistakes of public planning have been made by government acting *de facto* as the agent of special interests without regard to the preferences of the broader community of citizens.

In summary, to refute the specious rhetoric of "Needless Fuss about Land Use" is somewhat like presenting positive disproof of the statement that the "moon is made of green cheese." Even if the proposition is recognized as absurd, serious refutation requires far more effort than the assertion. There is great need for public action to protect the public interest and the welfare of the vast majority of individuals in land now and in the future. Conflict arises over intersecting, and often incompatible, claims on land in bounded localities: and these controversies are in no way alleviated by the gross acreage of undeveloped land somewhere else. Thus, the so-called "fuss about land use" is no mere fuss, nor is it needless. Land-owning, as well as landless, Americans have made it a major political issue throughout the nation and at all levels of government. Mr. Bruce-Briggs has chosen a poor subject on which to exercise his evident talents as a polemicist.

*Lynton K. Caldwell*
*Bloomington, Indiana*

*Lynton K. Caldwell is Arthur L. Bentley Professor of Political Science at Indiana University, and author of several books on environmental policy.*

*Mr. Bruce-Briggs replies:*

In his annoyance over an analysis that he finds incongenial, Professor Caldwell attributes notions to me that I do not hold (i.e., I did not argue against "crowding" but against incorrect notions of alleged overcrowding) and has invented history (i.e., his version of English land law is wholly false).

Mr. Caldwell also appears to have difficulty reading American prose. I did not write that "the existing densities of American metropolitan areas make air and water pollution negligible..." but that development at "very-low-densities" (2 acre lots) have that effect.

Nor is it clear how he got the idea I am a "laissez-faire self-styled conservative." "Marxist rhetoric" is sometimes comical but Marxist analysis is oftentimes illuminating. Regarding the lack of "evidence" to support my allegations of class interest in the stop-growth movement, he might have noticed that this journal does not provide annotation. One would think a presumed scholar would have the wit to refer to the original source, the anthology *No Land is An Island* where an essay by A. Lawrence Chickering takes up this point. Caldwell might also poll the political science faculties of major universities. His sneer at the "monotonous stretches of Levittowns" indicates which side he is on.

Caldwell's description of the widespread local land-use control agitation is correct. One would think a "political scientist" would recognize the political implications of the piece—that the invention of "problems" of land use are useful to selfish local interests who wish to maintain their perceived quality of life by excluding the upwardly mobile. Is it an accident that the block development movement appeared just as black Americans began to move to the suburbs?

The bulk of Professor Caldwell's letter is incredibly confused and/or deals with irrelevant issues. It reflects small credit on the quality of scholarship at Indiana University. □


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